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*NEW YEARS
TO CHRISTMAS*





Father Time Summons
the Holidays ~~~

NEW YEARS TO CHRISTMAS


In Holiday Land

By Clara J. Denton



J394
D43

*Illustrated by
Eleanore Mineah Hubbard*

ALBERT  WHITMAN
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CHICAGO

New Years to Christmas

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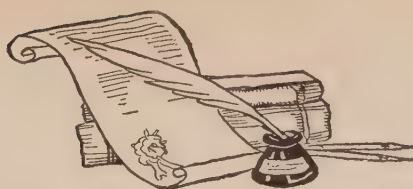


EXPLANATORY NOTE

The plural (New Years) is used in the title because New Year's day had so many different dates of observance in various localities that it practically amounted to a number of individual holidays, yet all having the same significance.

"A JUST RIGHT BOOK"

Printed in the U. S. A.



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FATHER TIME'S CALL

Old Father Time, his megaphone in his right hand, went up the high marble steps at his very best speed. When he reached the top-most step, he put his megaphone to his mouth and called loudly:

“Attention, all the Holiday children, march out here as I call so that I may look you over once again and hear your stories. It is a long time since I have seen you assembled together.”

There was a loud rattling and clattering off to the left of the high building, on the steps of which Father Time was standing. As each Holiday's name was called through the megaphone the one addressed took his place in front of the high marble steps. These

were the words which came through the megaphone.

“New Year’s Day, you of January first, you are young and small, but take your place quickly; and following closely after you let me see marching Lincoln Day, February twelfth. St. Valentine’s Day on February fourteenth must not be far behind. Washington’s Birthday, on the twenty-second will soon be catching up. These close the months of January and February, or, as those good people, the Friends or Quakers, would say, the ‘first month, and the second month.’

“Now, must come quickly the third month, or March, with St. Patrick’s Day on the seventeenth. April, the month of soft spring showers, or the fourth month, brings us ‘All Fools’ Day’ on the first. Sometime during this same lovely month of April comes the glad Easter time, with all the joy it brings to humanity. Swiftly follows the fifth month, or May, with its happy days, May Day and Bird Day; also Flower Day and Mother’s Day, and the thirtieth of this month, sad Memorial Day.

“Next we have the sixth month, June the month of roses, and on the fourteenth day, dear old Flag Day which every true Amer-

ican loves to honor. This brings us to the hot seventh month, July, and the 'Fourth' or Independence Day, its more high sounding name, dear to the heart of the small boy with its patriotic celebrations.

"Now the Holidays do not crowd each other so closely. The long torrid eighth month, or August, goes by with days all unmarked. It is a relief to come to the ninth month, or September, with its first Monday as Labor Day. A day almost as widely kept as Christmas.

"The year wears on to the tenth month, or October. The twelfth we give to Columbus, and on the night of the thirty-first we have the weird Hallowe'en. Next in the eleventh month, or November, comes the great Armistice Day on the eleventh, and in the same month the universal American Thanksgiving Day on the last Thursday of the month.

"There is now left only the twelfth month, or December, with Forefather's Day on the twenty-second, and then, the crown of all the year, Christmas on the twenty-fifth."

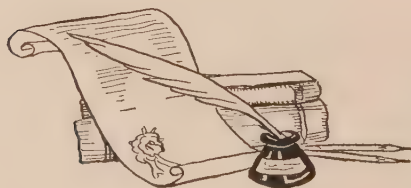
As the last sound through the megaphone died away, Father Time looked over the row of characters standing in front of him, and

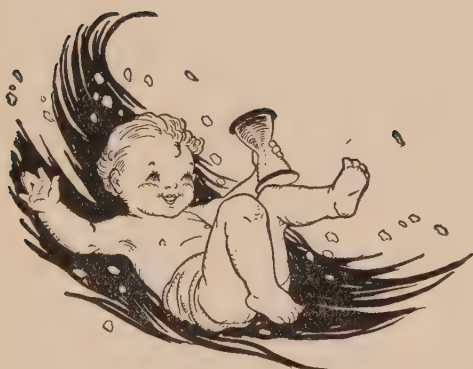
an expression of overwhelming pride spread over his face.

“Now children,” he said dropping the megaphone, “you are all here before me in your regular order and I expect each one of you in his turn, without any further instruction from me, to speak up and tell the full story of his life and character.

“Each one of you knows why he is here; so now we will hear your stories, beginning with New Year’s day, and proceeding in regular order to the end.”

NEW YEAR’S DAY THEN STARTS
TELLING ITS OWN STORY:—





New Year's Day.

Hurrah, for the New Year! Who does not love it and rejoice in its dawning? Everyone who has read history knows that from the very beginning of the world, there have been festivities to celebrate the beginning of the year.

The Jews, the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Chinese, the Greeks, the Romans and the Mohammedans, all in their own different ways, made the New Year a time of great rejoicing.

The reason for this is not far to seek. In the first place we all love new things; in the second place these hearts of ours, whether young or old, are always full of hope. The poet Pope utters this truth, "*Hope springs eternal in the human breast.*" When we think of all the joy and pure delight which have come to human beings by reason of this eternal quality, we cannot fail to be thankful for its existence.

Thus when the New Year comes, we all hope that it will bring us the things which we most desire. It is not strange that the gifts hoped for are as different as are the natures of the boys and girls, or the men and women who desire them.

In the early days the Babylonians began their new year in March and kept up the festivities for many days.

The Chinese, whose civilization is the oldest of any now on earth, begin the year on January twenty-first and prolong the holiday celebrations until February nineteenth. During this time, the men call on those above them in social position, but never commit the atrocious social blunder of calling on those beneath them. The poor women pass their



time at home in loneliness, neither making nor receiving calls.

At the season of the New Year their houses are decorated with gayly colored lanterns and all work is laid aside.

If you happened to be in a Chinese town during these festival days you would think there was no poverty in the place, because the people who go on the streets all wear

their best suits, and if any one is so poor that he has no best suit, he simply stays at home. This might easily become a very inconvenient rule. Everyone salutes those he meets with the words, "Kung-hi," "I humbly wish you joy." Or "Sui-hi," "may joy be yours" which has the same import as our "Happy New Year."

Everywhere the wide world over, history tells us, words equivalent to these are spoken on New Year's Day. It would seem, would it not, that from all these good wishes a great belt of joy would wrap the world around? I think the only reason why joy is not absolutely universal is because there are too many cross, crabbed, fretful, quarrelsome people in the world who turn some of the sweetness aside with their malice, unkindness and discontent.

The Jewish new year begins in September, but as the Jews have no national life their celebration is largely of a religious nature.

The Russian and Greek nations keep January thirteenth and are very happy in their celebrations.

The early Romans kept the day after the winter solstice as their New Year's Day,

which would bring it on December twenty-second. When Julius Caesar came into power as Emperor, he arranged the calendar according to its present form, making the year begin on January first.

Tradition tells us that the customs of presenting gifts on New Year's Day began with Tatius, King of the Sabines, in 747 B.C. These gifts at first were very simple; branches of trees, bunches of hay and palms, also sweetmeats made of honey, figs and dates. There was no refined white sugar in those days.

The Persians followed the very suggestive custom of presenting eggs to their friends as a reminder that the events of the coming year are hidden from all eyes, just as the chick is hidden in the egg.

The Druids, who are remembered as heathen priests living many centuries ago, also made much of the New Year. They cut branches of the mistletoe, their sacred plant, and presented them to their friends, believing that these branches would bring blessings with them on every day throughout the year.

The Pilgrim Fathers about whom so much is said at Thanksgiving time, did not honor this day, because January is named

after the heathen god Janus. The Quakers, or Friends, also share this prejudice, and even go a little further, for they do not use the word January. Instead they speak of "First month."

It is interesting to learn some of the important events which have occurred on New Year's Day. Edmund Burke, a celebrated English statesman was born on this day at Dublin, in 1730.

Maria Edgeworth, whose "moral tales" delighted our grandmothers, was born on January First in 1767.

On January First, 1651, the son of Charles I was crowned by the Scots at Scone, with the title of Charles II.

On New Year's Day, General Monk began the historic march from Scotland to London. This march is credited with bringing about the "Restoration"; so called because it restored the House of Stuart to the throne of England, in the person of Charles II and brought about disastrous times for good old England.

On January 1, 1801, was formed the union of Ireland with great Britain. On the same day and year were discovered the planetoids,

by a Sicilian astronomer named Piazzi. Thus it can be seen that the world has good reason to remember and honor New Year's Day.



NEW MORN, NEW DAY

*New morn, new day, Oh gift sublime,
A jewel from the hand of time.
Who knows or good or ill befall,
Or who can count its treasures all?*

*New morn, new day, Oh may it bring
Great thoughts and deeds upon its wing;
A record make of goodness won,
And not one deed we wish undone.*

*New morn, new day not seen before.
Our hearts in aspiration soar.
Oh may it not all idly pass
Like fine sand running through a glass.*

*New morn, new day, a gift so rare,
A priceless one beyond compare.
And shall it pass all lightly by,
Or impress leave, which shall not die?*

*An impress from unselfish task
Which gives, and no return would ask,
This must the darkest day make bright,
Envelope it in radiant light.*



Lincoln's Birthday.

It has become a tradition that all great Americans were born in log cabins, or, at least, that they were born and reared in great poverty. It is true that, now and then, a rich man's son comes to a high position in American history, but they are rare. This is the great advantage belonging to an American child; he, or she, may rise to any position which may be desired, provided a sufficient amount of honesty, energy and perseverance are blended with the aspiration. Abraham

Lincoln is a fine example of this truth.

It is true that there have been a few Americans as great, in their way as he was, but they did not spring from such very humble surroundings, so that the climb was not so long and hard.

There have been other men quite as poor as he was, but they were not of so noble and lofty a character. Neither did they attain to the highest position in the nation, the Presidency.

Every boy has a right to ask, "What were the qualities possessed by Abraham Lincoln, which not only brought him to the presidency, but won for him the enthusiastic love of the American people?"

The qualities with which Abraham Lincoln was born were, first of all, a quick active mind, honesty, industry, a thirst for knowledge and a warm, unselfish heart. Had his character lacked any one of these gifts he would not have been the wonderful man that he was, nor could he have attained the high position in the hearts of the American nation.

Even if one is born with an active mind it can easily become dull and sluggish if it is not kept busy and on the alert. A mind is somewhat like a muscle. It is known that

muscles lose their strength if they are not kept at work, and it is the same with the mind. Abraham had to use his mind constantly, for there was no one else to do the thinking for him. Consequently, he had to keep thinking for himself. So in this way, his mind was kept always bright and active. How about his other qualities?

His honesty was so great that when he was a poor, struggling lawyer, he would not plead a man's case, no matter how much money he would gain by it, unless the man had right on his side. His energy was so great that when his clothes became shabby he split some rails to purchase new ones. As to his thirst for knowledge, it is told of him that he once cut four cords of wood to pay for a piece of a book which was the life of George Washington. This wonderful story he read lying flat on his stomach before the big wood fire, for his parents were too poor to buy even a tallow candle, by the light of which he might read.

As to his warm-heartedness, there are plenty of incidents to prove that no one in need ever applied to him in vain.

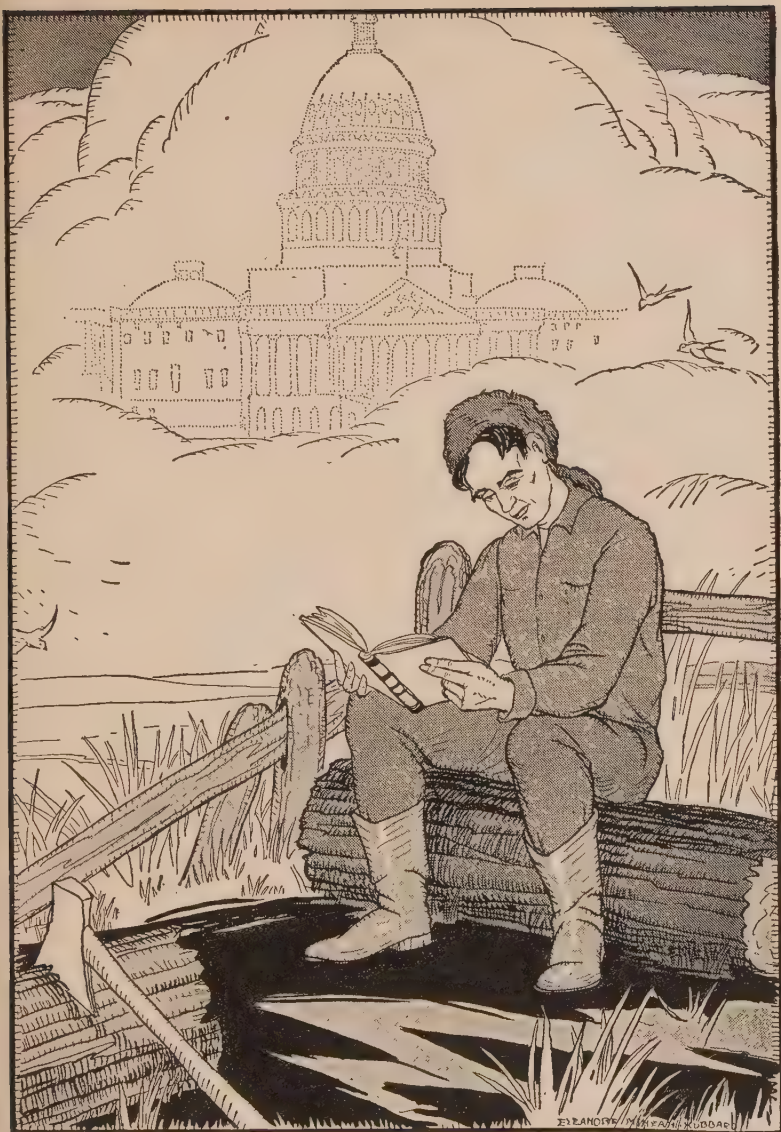
Many facts illustrating this fundamental trait of character are recorded. One story

may suffice. While still a boy, he came upon a crowd of youngsters who had placed some live coals upon the back of a helpless mud turtle, and were full of laughter at the movements of the poor creature in its attempts to escape from its misery. Lincoln immediately seized the shingle in the hands of the leader and after removing the coals from the turtle's back applied the shingle right and left among the crowd of boys. The efficient and rapid movements of those long arms while he preached a short sermon on kindness to helpless creatures can easily be imagined.

There is also testimony that Lincoln obeyed the teaching of the apostle James for he visited "the fatherless and widows in their affliction" and also chopped their wood.

It should be remembered, of course, that Lincoln was but seven years old when his mother died and that the family was so poor they could not even buy nails to put the poor coffin together, but that it was held together with wooden pins, the holes for which the father bored, while Abe, as he was called, held the boards on which his father worked.

Thomas Lincoln the father of Abraham was not a thrifty man; he was also illiterate, and unlike many people of no education he



Abraham Lincoln.

had no respect for book knowledge. It is on record that after Abraham had been elected to the State Legislature, and had also shown his ability in various ways, his father said to a friend, "I s'pose Abe's still a-foolin' himself with eddication. I tried to stop it, but he's got the fool idea in his head, and it can't be got out. Now I hain't got no eddication, but I get along better'n if I hed."

However, although the shortcomings of Thomas were many, he did have sense enough to marry in less than a year after his first wife's death Sallie Bush Johnson, a thrifty widow with three children. She by her good management soon brought better times to the Lincoln family. She also encouraged Abe in his thirst for knowledge.

We have all heard that Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin Co., Kentucky, in 1809. This is a date which every American boy should remember, but I will give you a few others to place high in your memory.

In 1816 the Lincoln family embarked on a raft and sailed on Salt river, down the Ohio river to Indiana, where they settled in the wilderness of Spencer county. Here his mother, whose maiden name was Nancy

Hanks, taught him to read and soon after died.

In 1828 young Lincoln sailed down the Mississippi river as a flat-boatman, in company with the son of the man who owned the boat. They had a valuable cargo and they were attacked by a band of robbers, but came off victorious after a hard fight. Later on, in the same year, Lincoln made a similar trip to New Orleans, and on one of these trips he saw a slave girl put up for sale and made his famous vow that if he lived to grow up, he would do all he could to abolish slavery.

In 1830 the Lincoln family made another move, this time to Decatur, Illinois. It was here that Lincoln split the rails to fence his father's farm. Also about the same time he split enough rails to pay for a suit of clothes for himself, and thus won the nickname, "The Rail Splitter." It was said at the time by his political enemies "that the split rails forced him into the White House." This was true in a way, because the fact of his having split so many rails, showed that he possessed three commendable traits: energy, industry, and common sense, all of which are quite necessary in the man who becomes the President of the United States.

In 1832 the Black Hawk War broke out. Lincoln was captain of a company of volunteers, but although they went to the seat of war, he saw no fighting as the war closed almost immediately after his enlistment. On his return he opened a store, and was made postmaster. The business was so small that he was said to have carried the mail around in his hat.

While in this position he used all his leisure in study and afterward became a good surveyor. For two years he made surveying his chief business. In 1834 Lincoln was elected to the Illinois Legislature. On his return from this duty he began the serious study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1837 when he was twenty-eight years of age. He soon won a profitable practice as he was a ready and witty speaker, and withal an "honest lawyer." He served a second term in the legislature ranking as a "Henry Clay Whig."

In 1846 Lincoln was sent to Congress from Illinois and was its only representative of the Whig party. He was known as a decided but conservative anti-slavery man.

In 1858 we find Mr. Lincoln enjoying something more than a local reputation. He

became the Congressional candidate of the new Republican party and opposed Mr. Douglas in a series of debates which attracted nation-wide attention. Mr. Douglas, the Democrat candidate, a man with a wide reputation as an orator defeated him for Congress, but the publicity given Mr. Lincoln caused his nomination for President by the Republican party.

1860 was a most eventful year. It saw Abraham Lincoln elected to the Presidency of the United States, and in the same year the secession of South Carolina from the union. Her action was followed by other states, so that when Lincoln came to his inauguration, he found himself president of a disunited nation with a civil war looming in the near future. From that hour it became the one object of his life to preserve the Union intact and all other aims sank into insignificance.

On January first, 1863, a great event occurred. What is known as the Emancipation Proclamation was issued by the President and it was to take immediate effect. It provided that all slaves held in states which had not returned to their allegiance were absolutely free. As none of the states had

so returned slavery was thus practically over and done. Many leading Republicans disapproved of this action and for some time his renomination for another four years seemed very doubtful.

In 1864 Mr. Lincoln was re-elected President. There were also some movements toward peace negotiations, but there were no definite results. After his death the following memorandum was found among his papers. "This morning, (August 23) as for some time past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty so to co-operate with the President elect, as to save the Union between the election and inauguration, as he will have secured his election on such grounds that he cannot possibly save it afterward."

In 1865 occurred one of the saddest events in American history, the assassination of Abraham Lincoln on April 14th. As the foregoing quotation will show, he was truly a Patriot, for to preserve the Union intact, was the one predominating passion of his life. He was truly the most representative President this country has ever had, for he was raised "from the people by the people" to represent their spirit and impulses. This

is why he must ever remain the "Great Example," until some one arises who will excel him in self sacrifice and devotion to his country. There can be no better close to this article than a few of Lincoln's own immortal words.

"I have one vote and I shall always cast that against wrong as long as I live."

"In every event of life, it is right makes might."

"The government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

"Human action can be modified to some extent, but human nature cannot be changed."

"Important principles may and must be inflexible."

"I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free; It will become all one thing or all the other."

"Surmises are not facts. Suspicions which may be unjust need not be stated. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victory."

"It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river."

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether'."

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, and so do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

"Repeal the Missouri Compromise, repeal the Declaration of Independence, repeal all past history, still you cannot repeal human nature."

"Our Republican robe is soiled and trailed in the dust. Let us purify it, let us turn and wash it white, in the spirit, if not in the blood of the Revolution."

"What I do say is that no man is good enough to govern another man, without that man's consent."

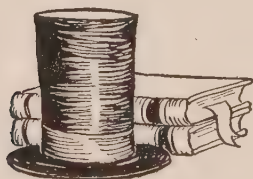
"Let north and south, let all Americans, let all lovers of liberty everywhere join in the great and good work. If we do this we shall not only have saved the Union, but shall have so saved it as to make and to keep it forever worthy of saving. We shall have so saved it that the succeeding millions of free happy people the world over, shall rise up and call us blessed to the latest generation."

"We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bounds of our affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

"My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it, and if I could save the Union by freeing all the slaves, I would do it, and if I could do it by

freeing some slaves and leaving others alone I would do that."

Would that every American boy and girl could be made to study carefully the life and writings of Abraham Lincoln. In time we would have a race of people filled with an honest and self-sacrificing patriotism as great even as that of Abraham Lincoln.



OUR GREATEST AMERICAN

*As long as human speech
Across this land shall reach,
Of Lincoln, good and great,
In high and low estate,
Will all men tell.*

*To hold our country true,
This task undimmed in view,
As if from Heaven sent
"Increasing purpose lent"
To all his thought.*

*He spoke, the bondsman's thrall
Fell down at Freedom's call,
Now through this land so dear,
No cry of slave we hear,
Since all are free.*

*Today from shore to shore,
Repeating o'er and o'er,
Lincoln the mighty name,
Forever safe with fame,
Must still remain.*

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from the same honored dead we take increased

devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

285323





Holidays are of three different kinds, legal, religious and popular.

The legal holidays are those which are set apart by the legislatures of their respective states.

For many years only a few of our states have made Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday, and even now, after the long lapse of years since his death, less than half of the states of the Union have established the twelfth day of February as a legal holiday.

Religious holidays are those which are kept by the churches with appropriate serv-

ices. A few holidays are both legal and religious, like Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The popular holidays are those which have become so by the wish of the people, and under this head is classed St. Valentine's Day. Its origin is peculiar and decidedly far-fetched.

Even in the far-off days of ancient Rome people felt the need of an occasional day of relaxation and play. So, as people always find an excuse for doing anything on which they have set their hearts, they decided to have a holiday in February and they called it Lupercalia, from *Lupus*, a wolf. Now don't imagine this was because of their great love for the wolf. The wolves howled around the walls of Rome, making, I am sure, both day and night hideous, and then when the people had killed them off, so that they were much fewer in number, they made a great festival to rejoice over their decrease. Then for the sake of having something interesting to do, they invented a game, wherein the young men and women drew out each other's names in order to select their particular friends for the coming year. Just why the Lupercalia was chosen for this particular game no one knows. There was doubtless, some good

reason, long since hidden from us, why these two things, the day and the game, should have been brought together.

Many centuries later the enterprising English people saw fit to renew this February holiday, with its custom of drawing names for partners. Of course they could not use the old Roman name, though they might use the same kind of festival in the same month of the year. So they must hunt around for another name. It happened that a good bishop, named Valentine, was born in February. He had been a faithful martyr, and so was entitled to the prefix "Saint," and thus, since his name was a good sounding one, somebody seems to have had the brilliant idea to attach it to this festival of drawing names, and there it has stayed ever since.

I am sure if the good bishop could have been consulted he would have been quite willing to stand for a day which represents only good and kindly feeling. Some people think that the observance of this day is silly and frivolous, as if it could ever be foolish to promote kindness and good will. This old world may grow tired of everything else, but it can never have too much friendship and affection.



In the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, St. Valentine's Day was in high favor, and people of the finest literary talents devoted their time to writing verses for valentines.

Shakespeare makes Ophelia, in the play of Hamlet say,

*"Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine Day,
All in the morning betime*

*And I, a maid at your window,
To be your valentine."*

This is certainly not a specimen of Shakespeare's best rhyming.

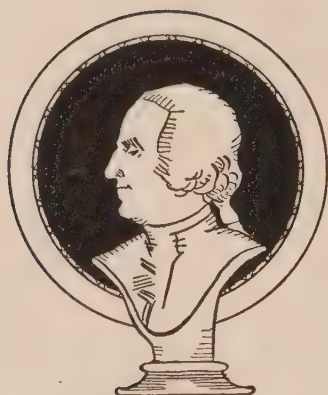
Today the publishers of greeting cards buy choice verses to put on their valentines, and although they may not always be as beautifully expressed as were those written by the old English writers, yet they serve and, no doubt, make their recipients quite as happy as if they were couched in more elegant language.

It seems to the writer quite fitting that there should be another day besides Christmas day set apart for good feeling and particular attention to our friends.



DOUBT

*They met, 'twas St. Valentine's Day,
All in a candy shop.
He offered her his candy box,
She took one small mint drop.
She, like a rose and lily mixed,
He dark and debonair.
"You'll be my Valentine?" he sighed,
She murmured, "I don't care."
Bystanders winked, and some declared,
"Love at first sight is this,
'Tis quite in keeping with the day
That they no joy should miss."
But this fine day, like other days,
Sped all too fast away
And when the time of parting came
Dejected, sad were they.
And will they meet again when comes
St. Valentine once more?
Who knows? For she was half past three
And he was just turned four.*



Washington's Birthday.

This great and good man was born in the county of Westmoreland, Va., in the year 1732 and grew up a plain country boy as did Abraham Lincoln, and so many other great men. In this one particular, however, his boyhood's resemblance to Lincoln ceases, for he knew nothing of the grinding poverty which so seriously handicapped Abraham Lincoln's early years.

Augustine Washington, the father of George, died when the boy was but nine years old, and left a large estate which was carefully looked after by his widow.

Mary Washington was not an ordinary woman. Her distinctive traits were a love of truth, of order, and the possession of a large measure of executive ability. These qualities were inherited by George.

As an exemplification of his love of truth the old story of the cherry tree and the hatchet is now scoffed at by most biographers. To impartial observers it has never seemed worthy of credence, for the reason that George Washington in after years possessed more than ordinary common sense and good judgment. He was also a lover of all growing things, therefore, even as a child he would scarcely have been inclined to mutilate a fine cherry tree, even if possessed of a new and well-sharpened hatchet.

Be this as it may, we do not need this story, there are others illustrating the same point, which are more in keeping with the character of George Washington, and which moreover are well authenticated. One of these stories runs as follows:

In the Washington pastures there were

always many horses of varying ages. Among them at one time was a fine sorrel colt which was his mother's especial pride and delight. When George was a well grown lad he went one day with some cousins of his own age to visit the pasture where the horses ran at large.

The sorrel colt had never been broken to bit or bridle, and was considered too wild and headstrong for any one to mount. George, boy-like, boasted that he would ride it if his cousins would help him catch it. This was done and George was soon on the back of the colt. This indignity the colt bitterly resented. It not only refused to obey either the leading of the rein, or the word of command, but reared and plunged in its determination to unseat the young rider. But George was large and strong for his age, and had also been given some stirring lessons in self control, therefore he was able to hold both his seat and his temper.

At last the raging animal gave a mighty plunge in mid air, and fell to the ground dead. In its wild fury it had burst a blood vessel.

George immediately led the way to the house and came into his mother's presence.

Mrs. Washington knowing that the boys had been to the pasture, at once began with great pride to ask questions about the colt, expecting to hear words of enthusiastic admiration. George immediately replied in the formal manner of the times.

"Madam, the noble sorrel colt is dead, I killed him." He then added an explanation of the manner of its death.

When George was eleven years old his eldest half brother, Lawrence, a man of excellent judgment and upright character, married Anne Fairfax, a daughter of an English baron, Sir William Fairfax. As a suitable home for his bride, he built on his estate at Mt. Vernon, a new house, containing eight rooms, four on each floor, with a chimney at each end. This estate had been in the Washington family since 1674, coming to their ancestors as a direct grant from Lord Culpeper. It descended from Augustine to Lawrence, the eldest son, according to the custom of the times. Lawrence had fought in a Spanish war, under the English Admiral, Vernon, and he named his estate after that distinguished naval officer. The Mt. was added because the house stood on a high knoll overlooking the Potomac river.

Lawrence was twelve years older than George, and as the boy had been deprived of a father's care at so early an age, Lawrence seemed to feel that he must, in a large measure, take that father's place. Consequently, when he had settled down in domestic life, he kept his younger brother with him much of the time. In this way the boy became accustomed to the best social life of the land and time.

It is an old belief that the child is ever father to the man and we are told that the favorite game of George Washington as a boy was to divide his schoolmates into companies, calling them French and Indians on one side, and English on the other. Then, armed with corn-stalks for guns and pounding on large gourds to imitate drums, they would engage in fierce, though bloodless battles.

At the time of George Washington's boyhood the French and English settlers were in a constant struggle over the possession of the new lands in America.

The French had secured possession of Louisiana and Canada, and were hoping to gain control also of the whole of the central territory. They had built protective forts at many places from New Orleans and Mobile

to Montreal. They were determined to confine the English people to a narrow strip of territory along the Atlantic coast.

The English settlers, however, insisted that the grants extended to them over the royal signature in which occurred the words, "from sea to sea," meant exactly what they said. Thus the contest continued.

When George was twelve years old, that is in 1744, war broke out in the old world between France and England. This, of course, did not make any better feeling between the natives of these countries, who were settled in the new world.

The French very soon enlisted the help of many of the Indian tribes in fighting their battles against the English. Therefore, in the new world, this war was known as the "French and Indian war," also "King George's war," because King George II was then on the English throne. In the old world it was known as the "War of the Austrian Succession."

As the colonies were then under the jurisdiction of the mother countries, and as the Washington family was of pure English descent, the sympathies of young George were, of course, with the English.

George, however, was growing older all the while and it soon became necessary to make some plans concerning his life work. It was but natural that he should lean toward the navy, as Lawrence, his beloved half brother, had at one time been a naval officer.

It was finally decided to have the boy enter the navy, and his trunk was even packed and sent aboard an English man-of-war lying in the Potomac. At this important juncture, however, a letter came from Mrs. Washington's brother, who still lived in England, begging her not to let George enter the English navy and giving so many excellent reasons for his opposition that the trunk was brought ashore and the relatives began to think of some other way for George to earn a living.

It is interesting to think how different might have been the fate of the American colonies had the original plan been carried out and young Washington had entered the navy of George II. When George III came into power and the colonies decided on making a move for independence Washington might have stood by his king. It is not pleasant to think how different might have been the result of the Revolution had it



George Washington.

lacked the influence and leadership of George Washington.

When Washington was in school he was not considered a remarkably brilliant scholar, but he was notably diligent and studious. In his later school days he showed a decided leaning toward engineering, geometry, trigonometry and surveying.

It seemed wise to utilize this natural tendency, and at the age of sixteen George was appointed public surveyor. No one, however, could possibly have suspected his real age. He was six feet in height, with long strong arms and large, gripping hands. For this work of surveying he was well paid, and, although it was full of hardship and danger, it was exceedingly interesting to him. His life during this phase is thus described by J. Walker McSpadden, one of his biographers:

“It took him into the perils and hardships of the wilderness, often meeting savage chieftains, fording swollen streams, climbing rugged mountains, breasting furious storms, wading through snow-drifts, sleeping in the open air and living upon the coarse food of hunters and of Indians. But everywhere he gained the admiration of the backwoodsmen

and the Indians by his manly bearing and his wonderful endurance.”

We who have the power of viewing the life of George Washington as a whole, can readily see that all these experiences were a wonderful training for his later life.

In 1751, as the war was still raging, the frontiers of Virginia were attacked so constantly by the French and Indian forces that it was decided to divide the colony into military districts, and when Washington was but nineteen years old, he was given charge of one of these districts, with the rank of Major. Two years later he was sent out on an important mission to the French, warning them against encroaching on Virginian territory. In carrying out this mission he traveled six hundred miles into the wilderness, without an escort, and successfully executed his mission.

When George was twenty years old his beloved half brother Lawrence died, and the beautiful estate of Mount Vernon fell to him, according to the conditions of his father's will. In 1755 as the war still continued between France and England, he was given a position as Colonel in the army of the English under General Braddock. He was present

at the capture of Fort Duquesne from the French.

In 1759 Washington thinking his military experiences were over married a wealthy and beautiful widow, Martha Custis, who was the mother of two children, a boy and a girl. Still, in the trying condition of a stepfather, he made a most excellent record. These children seemed in every sense to become his own.

Mrs. Custis had a large estate and the care of this and his own farms occupied Mr. Washington fully for a number of years. He seems to have made up his mind to become a scientific farmer, and he devoted himself most assiduously to the new trade or profession.

In 1774 when the trouble between the colonies and the mother country had reached a crisis, the people called, what is known in history, as the first "Continental Congress," and Washington, against his will, was sent as a delegate from his native state, Virginia. He was not a great orator, like many members of the Congress, but Patrick Henry said of him, "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Washington was unquestionably the greatest man on the floor."

He was universally considered the ablest

military leader of the time, therefore, after the battles of Lexington and Concord, the first practical step taken was the unanimous election on motion of John Adams, of "George Washington as the Commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the United Colonies." He accepted the position, but decidedly refused any salary, saying that he would keep an account of his expenses which he was sure congress would refund. At the same time he called upon "every gentleman in the room to remember his declaration that he did not consider himself in any degree to be equal to this command, and only accepted it because of the unanimity of the call."

Those who knew George Washington best declare that to his dying day he persisted in a skepticism as to his fitness for the various positions into which he had from time to time been thrust. Humility and ability united are exceedingly rare in human history, and there is no doubt that this combination made of this man the great power which he became.

The story of the War is a long one and need not be reiterated here. When it was over he retired to his beloved Mt. Vernon from which he had been absent nearly the whole of the six years during which the war

had lasted. How delightful must have seemed this refuge. He thought he was done with public life forever.

His admirers which comprised the whole country as well as the entire army came forward and tried to convert the new nation into a monarchy with him as its king. This proposal Washington rejected, not only promptly but angrily, wondering the while what men had seen in his conduct to suppose he would for one moment even consider a proposition so foreign to all his principles. However, when the Federal convention met in 1787 to frame the present constitution, George Washington was sent as a delegate from Virginia, much against his will and was immediately and unanimously elected the presiding officer. After the ratification of the Constitution he was unanimously elected by the people, as first president of the United States. In 1792 he was again unanimously elected and could have been elected for a third term had he so desired. Even in the face of his absolute refusal two of the electors voted for him in 1796.

He died in 1799 after an illness of but a few days, and was universally mourned as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

He is said to be the first and only president whose birthday was celebrated while he was still alive. In a newspaper of 1784 was given the following account of the first public celebration of this great day in New York. "Wednesday last being the birthday of his Excellency, George Washington, the same was celebrated here by all the true friends of American Independence and Constitutional Liberty, with that hilarity and manly decorum ever attendant on the sons of freedom. In the evening an entertainment was given on board the East India ship in this harbor to a very brilliant and respectable company, and a discharge of thirteen cannon was fired on this joyful occasion."

After this time the celebrations became general so that he is one of the very few men who lived to see their birthday made into a time of universal rejoicing. How it must have gladdened his brave old heart.

Benjamin Franklin who knew great men of the Earth and had mingled with princes, and kings, in his will made this bequest: "My fine crabtree walking stick with a gold head, I give to my friend and the friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a scepter, he has merited it and would become it."

Paul Leland Haworth in his book, "George Washington, Farmer," which shows this most remarkable man in a new light says, "Having read thousands of his letters and papers dealing with almost every conceivable subject in the range of human affairs, I yet feel inclined, nay, compelled, to bear witness to the greatness of his heart, soul and understanding. He was human, he made his mistakes, but I would not detract a line from any eulogium of him ever uttered. Words have never yet been penned that do him justice."

Wonderful is the eulogy of Abraham Lincoln his twin soul.

"Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since the mightiest in the cause of civil liberty,—still mightier in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected, it cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it, in solemn awe pronounce the name and in its naked deathless splendor, leave it shining on."



AMERICA'S MIGHTY SON

*America's mightiest son
Is our George Washington
Who fought and bled
Until the Red
And White and Blue had won.*

*Above, the starry flag
Still floats from mast and crag.
It flaunts on high,
Prompts memory
That we may never lag.*

*All this, our land's fair fame,
Its liberty; all that came
We owe to him.
May never dim
The honor of his name.*

*For Washington the great
Let all our praise relate
He made us free
As we should be
And made this mighty State.*

WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS

The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness, from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us then rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us animate and

encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country; our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us, only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but, remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



It is probable that there never has been another distinguished man about whom it is so difficult to separate the true stories from the false, as is the case with Patrick, the good bishop of Ireland.

Like Homer, different places vie with each other in claiming the honor of St. Patrick's nativity. Scotland, England, France and Wales, each is declared his native country. There are also differences as to the year and day of his birth. The weight of testimony,

however, seems to fall on 372 as the year and the 17th of March as to the day.

All writers agree on a few facts. One is that a holy and noble bishop did a great deal of good in the wild and heathenish Ireland of early days. It is also certain that he was not an Irishman and his name was not Patrick, but Patricius. However, as the meaning of the two words is the same, that doesn't matter so much. One writer says that this name of Patricius shows that he came from a noble family, while still another declares that Patricius was given to him by the fathers of the church, who made him a bishop and sent him to Ireland.

It is universally acknowledged, however, that Patrick as a child was kidnapped by pirates from either France or England, and sold to a man named Milcho who carried him to Ireland. This man was an owner of great herds of hogs. These the boy was made to tend, and thus as a common swineherd he passed seven years of his young life. Did he ever dream while thus spending his time with these lowly four-footed companions, that his name would be carried on through all the world as a saint?

While he was a poor swineherd, he mastered not only the strange Irish language, but also became familiar with the queer customs and modes of thought of the people.

He knew their generous and forgiving disposition as well as their cheerful and sunny temperament, and also understood the sectional animosities which kept them in almost constant turmoil. More than all, he loved them and even yet, after the flight of centuries, he is loved and revered by all Irish people, as the thousands of little Patricks and Patricias, both in and out of Ireland, must testify.

Another story about which there is no difference of opinion is that Patrick escaped from his bondage as a swineherd and was in some way given a suitable education. He must have sought religious associations at once, for we find him made in quick succession a deacon, priest and bishop. Thus when it seemed necessary to send a bishop to Ireland to oppose the teachings of the Druids, it was natural for the church to select Patricius.

Although he was, by no means, the first Christian bishop sent to Ireland, he was the first one who had succeeded in making any change in the Irish character.

He seemed to have a power over the people which no one else had ever shown, and after many years of faithful work he did succeed in bringing a large majority of the Irish people to exchange their Druidical faith for the gospel of Christianity.

It is a common belief in Ireland that St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of the country. A popular Irish song contains this line,
"He drove the frogs into the bogs and banished all the vermin."

In connection with the banishment of all snakes from Ireland the following is a well known story.

There is somewhere in Ireland a lake called Lough Devlin, and into this lake the good bishop cast an immense serpent telling it to stay there until Monday. The people living in the vicinity of this lake assert that on every Monday morning they hear the great serpent cry out, "It is a long Monday, Patrick!"

Despite all the foolish and conflicting stories about this good bishop, it is a joy to know that he did live in Ireland and was so much help to all the people. Thus this lesson is enforced upon us that no really good and true life can ever be lived in vain.

On March 17, 1737, the first charitable Irish society was founded in Boston. Many other similar societies have been born since then, and as they all celebrate St. Patrick's Day in appropriate ways there is no fear of his memory dying out, which is well. The world needs to be constantly reminded of all the great and good people who have helped it to grow better as it grows older.

Irishmen in general have been famous in all stages of American history.

During the American Revolution the British evacuated Boston on St. Patrick's Day, and the Americans marched in. General Washington in selecting the password chose *Boston with St. Patrick* for the countersign, or reply.

The Shamrock, as everyone knows, is the flower sacred to Ireland. The incident given in the following verses is a well authenticated tradition.





St. Patrick's Day
in the mornin'.

THE SHAMROCK

*This simple tale was told to me,
I hope 'tis true, it ought to be.
The good Saint Patrick preaching came
To Erin's Isle in Christ's pure name.*

*On hillside green he often stood
And taught the eager multitude.
One day the Trinity he taught,
That holy truth with mystery fraught.*

*But as his stirring words fell down
He caught now here, now there, a frown.
Across those speaking faces flew
Dark waves of doubt, the signs he knew.*

*Then stooping down a shamrock small
He plucked, and held before them all.
"Lo! here," he said, "is symbol shown
Of three in one, yet each alone."*

*And then a revelation came,
Faith lit each face, a sudden flame.
The shamrock green from that great day
Holds every Irish heart in sway.*



No one seems to know for a certainty how one of the Spring months came by its beautiful name "April." Some authorities claim that it is taken from the Latin phrase, "Omnia Aperit," it opens everything. If this is really its derivation it is surely a good one, for this month sees the opening or awakening of all growing things. Thus it may be called the month of promise, and that is, no doubt, why it is so generally beloved. We know all human beings love promises that give so

much scope to imaginative minds both in giving and accepting.

Among the Romans April was sacred to Venus, the goddess of beauty, and not only on the first day, but several days after, festivals were held in her honor.

On the 19th day of April equestrian combats were held in honor of Ceres. Just why combats of this sort were held in honor of the goddess of the Earth we are not told, but perhaps it was because Pluto, with his four black horses, fastened to his golden chariot, emerged from the depths of the earth and kidnapped Persephone, the beloved daughter of Ceres.

The month of April was a noted one to the ancient Romans, and on the 21st day of this month a great festival was held in Rome to celebrate the nativity of the imperial city.

No one seems to know, however, the reason for the setting aside of the first day of April as "All Fools' Day." The great and beloved Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Proteus, one of the "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*," these lines,

*"Oh how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,*

*Which now shows all the beauty of the sun
And by and by a cloud takes all away."*

Perhaps it is this quality of uncertainty in the April weather which has given to its first day the doubtful honor of being set aside as "All Fools' Day." In the absence of any better reason, this one may be accepted.

This day is not a legal holiday, it is not even acknowledged as any kind of a holiday, except by eager children and young people, or perhaps now and then a more or less frivolous-minded adult.

The custom of playing tricks on April first seems to be as old as civilization itself. Some writers tell us that it began when Noah made the mistake of sending the dove out too soon over the waters. So, if the custom of sending people on fruitless errands was done in memory of Noah, he is not likely to be forgotten.

Although the ancient Romans held a "Feast of Fools," it did not occur in April. This shows us, I suppose, that foolish actions are not confined to any special time of year, but that foolish people hold all times and seasons as their own.

The Hindoos of Asia have a festival sev-

eral days, beginning on March 31st, at which time tricks of various kinds are played on guileless and unsuspecting people. Those who are easily beguiled and played upon are called "Huli fools."

The French people were the first ones to follow this custom, and they called the person on whom the tricks and games were successful an "April Fish."

The people of Great Britain copied all these customs from the French, and in Scotland it was the custom to call the person tricked on April first, an April "Gawk," gawk meaning a simpleton.

Both the French and Scotch, it seems, are too polite to use the word "fool" and accept substitutes, a custom which might well be followed in other places.

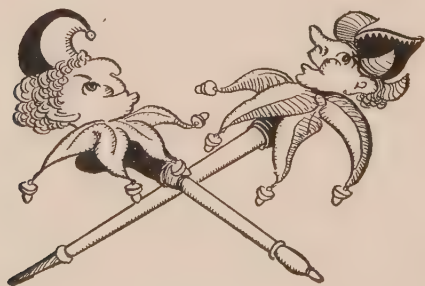
In "Poor Robin's Almanac," a book printed in England more than one hundred years ago, there was given this bit of verse:

*"It is a thing to be disputed
Which is the greatest fool refuted,
The man who innocently went
Or he who him designedly sent."*

It has been said that "Poor Robin's Almanac," of England might have suggested to

Benjamin Franklin his "Poor Richard's Almanac." One thing may truthfully be said, he never perpetrated any verse quite as poor as the foregoing rhyme.

I have put into verse for you a story which I found in the "Book of Days," and which is claimed to be historically correct. The Duke's name was Francis and the place where he was confined was Nantes in France. I have always wished that all April fooling might turn out as well as it did in this story. If it were only possible to always play kind tricks on people how gladly we would all welcome April first.



THE HAPPY APRIL FOOL

*You may have heard the story old
About the Duke of Lorraine told.
The king of France, in bitter strife,
Had captured Francis and his wife.*

*In prison cell they languished long,
But they had friends both wise and strong.
By well-laid plans and careful thought
Disguises to the cell were brought.*

*That thus the Duke and Duchess might
Go forth in peasant garb bedight.
The jailers next they bought with gold,
So they would pass "two peasants old."*

*But sentries at the city gate
Too oft were changed to thus placate.
The Duke and Duchess their disguise
Must trust to pass the sentry's eyes.*

*A workman's hod the Duke well bore,
A basket filled with food in store
The Duchess held like country dame.
Why should the sentry ask each name?*

*Why should he halt with angry strife
An honest peasant and his wife?
How could a sentry's prying eyes
See royal pair in that rude guise?*

*They gave the pass word straight enough,
And he replied, as usual, gruff;
Then on they went through fields so fair,
Not his to question or to care.*

*But ere an hour had passed apace
A woman came with anxious face.
"Duke Francis I have met," said she,
"His haughty wife passed close to me."*

*The sentry winked and waved his hand,
"O yes," he said, "I understand,
'Tis April first; I've been to school,
This is the day for April Fool."*

*"What do you mean?" she asked in scorn,
"I knew this pair ere you were born."
"O well," he said, "go on your way,
I'll not be caught by All Fools' Day."*



The Duke and Duchess's Escape.

*The story spread, "too good to keep,"
And ere the king had gone to sleep
To him at last 'twas idly told;
He sent for steward, tried and old.*

*"What is this tale?" he asked in fright,
"Have I the story heard aright?
Is't true Duke Francis and his wife
Have freedom won from prison life?"*

*The steward answered, calm and cool,
"'Twas just a silly April Fool."
"But," stormed the king with angry brow,
"To prison send, I'll know right now!"*

*'Twas midnight ere the news came back,
The pair had fled and left no track.
But by that time no power of king
To prison walls the two could bring.*

*Left far behind was sunny France,
For gold had brought a quick advance,
For once indeed, how strange the tool,
Great good was wrought by April Fool.*



This is the holiday dearest of all the year to the heart of every true Christian, because it celebrates the event most vitally connected with that belief. It is, in fact, its very foundation stone, so to speak, namely the bodily resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth.

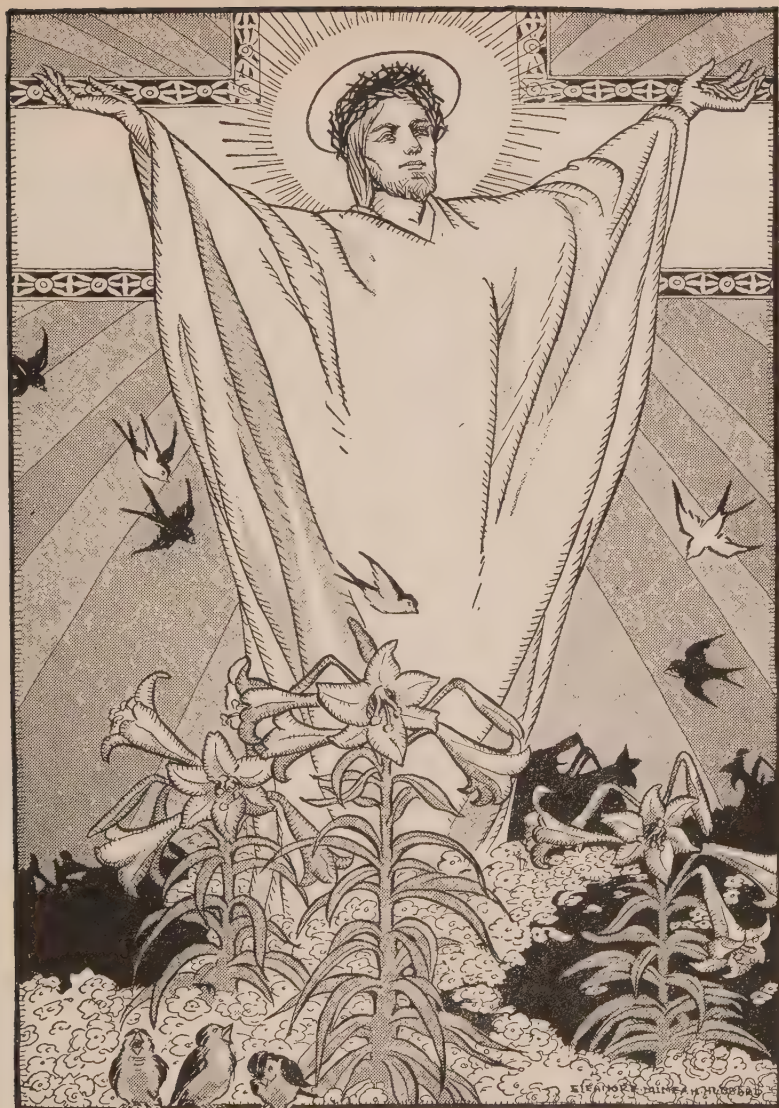
The name Easter is a survival of the old Teutonic mythological belief in the goddess of Spring, Eostre, the Anglo-Saxon name of this fictitious character, for whom great festivals were made in the annual recurrence of the spring season.

In the substitution of the Christian festivals for old heathen observances it was quite natural to retain the appellation firmly fixed in the minds of the people.

It is an historical fact that Jesus was crucified during the Jewish Passover, therefore, the date of Easter must conform, in some measure to that great Jewish festival.

It is quite remarkable that there is no mention of the keeping of Easter in that part of the New Testament which recounts events occurring after the Resurrection. The Book of Acts which relates so many events of the early church does not refer to it, either directly or indirectly. Neither is it mentioned even casually in any of the apostolic Epistles. Students of early church history account for this silence by the fact that the followers of the new doctrines were so absorbed in the memory of the great events on which their faith was built that they gave little heed to any outward observances of mere days. The ecclesiastical writer Socrates, who wrote somewhere between A. D. 425 and 450 and whose birthplace was Constantinople, is quoted as saying:

“The Apostles have no thought of appointing festival days, but of promoting



... Eastertide ...

lives of blamelessness and piety.”

He then added that the observance of Easter in the Christian year has arisen from long usage, just as many other customs have been established.

It must be remembered that the first followers of the Christian religion were largely Jews in thought and training, and in dropping the old Jewish feasts and fasts, it was only natural that they should replace them with celebrations held at, or near the time of the festivals to which they had been accustomed from their earliest years. There is therefore much significance in the fact, which is quite overlooked by many Christians, that the two great feasts of Jew and Gentile are held so near together.

There is perhaps nothing so conducive to understanding the inflexibility of human nature as the study of early church history. We there see foreshadowed the present day discussions between “modernists and fundamentalists,” “evolutionists and anti-evolutionists,” in this question of the keeping of Easter day. There were factions of all kinds, part of the people adhering to the old Jewish rules and dates, and others following the “new thought” of that day. It is authorita-

tively told that as late as A. D. 651 we find Queen Eanfleda was keeping as Easter one Sunday, while her husband Oswy, king of North of Northumbria, waited until the following Sunday to keep his Easter festival.

In 669 Theodore, Archbishop of England, caused the adoption of the present rule, which is that Easter Sunday comes the next Sunday after the first full moon following the vernal equinox, which occurs on the 21st of March. This full moon is called the Paschal moon, because it comes at the time of the Jewish Passover.

Nine centuries after this important decision, however, the English church refused to accept this rule, apparently for no other reason than their unwillingness to accept the decision of the Roman Catholic church. In 1752 Great Britain adopted the "new style calendar," and thus the trouble was ended so far as the western churches were concerned.

The churches of Russia, Greece and all the oriental churches, however, still use what is known as the "unreformed calendar." Consequently their Easter does not occur on the same day as ours; sometimes it comes before and sometimes after. Very rarely, as it did

in 1865, it falls on the same day as that of the western church.

There are many queer customs and superstitions connected with Easter Sunday.

The custom of using eggs on Easter is very old and is said to have arisen from the desire to show that our Lord came again to life out of the silence and darkness of the earth, just as the chick breaks its way through the shell.

You will often see pictures of rabbits on Easter cards and you will naturally wonder why they are there, but it comes from a very old myth. The hare is the ancient symbol, or figure of the moon, and as Easter day is governed by the moon, the hare must enter into all Easter representations. Hares, unlike rabbits, are born with their eyes open, and the moon is the "open-eyed watcher of the night," and as there are no hares in this country we must accept rabbits as a substitute.

There is one beautiful custom observed in Greece, which we must mention here. When two people meet for the first time on Easter day one says, "Christ is risen." The other replies, "Christ is risen, indeed."



In early England it was the practice to play ball with colored eggs on Easter day. This is said to be the origin of the egg rolling which is still the favorite sport in the city of Washington. No Washington child would think of missing the great fun of going to the White House grounds on Easter morning and rolling eggs down the sloping lawn. This is

emphatically the children's time, for no grown person is admitted to the grounds unless accompanied by a child.

All customs and celebrations, both old and new, to the Christian however, are lost in the thought that this day commemorates the day on which the dear Lord rose from the dead. As we look at the beautiful flowers which have come up into the sunlight after their long winter's sleep in the dark ground, we think that in much the same way Christ came forth from the silence of the tomb. Thus the flowers for us have at Easter time a new and beautiful significance.



CHRIST IS RISEN

*Ring gladly bells this Easter morn,
Another Easter day is born!*

*Let Love's white wing
The tidings bring;
Oh, flowers be sweet;
Oh, birds be fleét;
Oh, breezes soft the glad news speed
For Christ is risen, is risen indeed!*

*Oh, for a choir of voices
Tuned to angelic notes,
For man with man rejoices
And far the message floats,
"Christ is arisen!"*

*Oh, earth and sky and air
Redemption's tidings bear.
Tell o'er the story true
Till earth is born anew,
For Christ is risen indeed!
Oh, earth-worn pilgrim heed!*



Arbor Day

This holiday is certainly graced with a most beautiful name. It suggests a shady and cool resting place, where the weary struggler with the world may withdraw from all storm and stress. There are, it is true, some purists who object to the use of the word because of its modern meaning, as found in our dictionaries. We do not hold the day, they tell us, to make bowers for the weary; it means on the contrary a day of hard, earnest work, for tree planting is not for those who take their ease. However, we

hope the name will be retained since its earlier Latin meaning is simply a tree, and moreover if we keep on perseveringly with our tree planting, the whole country will certainly be an arbor or bower.

Arbor Day is the newest of our holidays although it is really the revival of an old custom kept up in many parts of the world. The Germans we are told plant trees on Whitsunday which is the seventh Sunday after Easter. The Aztecs, an ancient American race, were in the habit of planting a tree whenever a child was born and named it after the child. The American Indians also planted trees for their children, giving them their names.

The American people were too busy with other matters to think about planting trees until 1872 when Governor Smith of Nebraska awoke to the fact that what his state needed more than any other one thing was more trees. They are almost the only thing in nature which is both useful and beautiful. Then Governor Smith had another clever idea which was that if every child of school age should plant a tree there would soon be trees enough to keep the earth in a good healthy condition.

This movement to establish a tree planting day was fathered by J. Sterling Morton, the Secretary of Agriculture, which seems quite appropriate; and the new holiday, started in Nebraska, soon had many followers. We are told that from the time the day was appointed until 1905 there have been planted over six hundred million shade and fruit trees. Think of it a moment, it means whole forests of trees.

As the ancient Greeks were endowed with an overwhelming love of the beautiful and possessed also an imagination of never ceasing activity, they could hardly have done otherwise than to have invested all living things with gods and goddesses. These created creatures became identified with the objects to which they were assigned.

To the trees they were more generous than with many other natural objects, for they gave them both dryads and hamadryads. as these fanciful beings lived in the trees in which they were born, it naturally followed that, according to the Greek code, it was a crime to fell a tree.

An unhappy story is told of one Erisichthon, a selfish and dominant man who, moved by a sudden whim, ordered the felling of a

wide spreading oak. As the tree stood in a forest which was under the protection of the goddess of all agriculture, Demeter among the Greeks, Ceres with the Romans, the servants feared to obey the command of the tyrant. Thereupon the angry man seized the axe himself and, by a few energetic strokes, brought the disturbing tree to the ground.

Erisichithon no doubt felt very proud of his deed, but his triumph was short lived, for a voice came from the tree saying, "I, the dryad, who lived in this tree, tell you in my dying moment that the goddess who rules this grove will see that you are punished sufficiently."

The promise was kept, the goddess consigned his punishment to Famine, who condemned the man to the gnawings of unceasing and unsatisfied hunger. Thus he spent all his substance on food, always eating, yet always craving, and he finally died of this queer form of starvation.

Another Grecian story much more comfortable is that of Rhoecus, who saw a fine oak just ready to fall from its own weight and at once propped it up with ropes and scaffolding, thus saving its life and, of course,

the life of the dryad belonging to it. She then told him that whatever he wished for should be granted. He wished for her love and it is supposed that he was happy ever after as he certainly must have received it.

The oak was originally called Jove's tree, probably because of its long life, its great endurance, and, perhaps more than all else, because of its long service to humanity. It has not only built their dwellings and temples of worship, but has also made the furniture placed within them. It has sent their ships tossing on many seas, provided material for warfare, as well as the indispensable tools for trades of all kinds.

Not only does the oak appear everywhere in practical human history, but as we have seen, it runs through mythological lore.

Merlin, a legendary English magician, performed many of his wonders under an oak, as the overpowering shade, he declared, assisted in his enchantments.

The oak tree was also beloved and venerated by the Druids. A grove of oaks was their favorite retreat. One reason for this was that the oak tree assisted in prophecy. Be that as it may, in the oak grove they worshipped and there they erected the altars on



The Dryad condemns
the Tree Killer.

which the human victims, mostly criminals, were sacrificed. Everything which grew on the oak tree was sacred to the Druids, more especially the mistletoe. When this parasite was found, a white robed priest with a golden knife cut the plant away. This was caught on white cloth held by priests at each corner, amidst solemn ceremonies.

The oak was a familiar tree to the Hebrews and it was the scene of many important happenings. Deborah, the nurse of Rebecca, was buried beneath an oak tree. Jacob hid the jewels which he took from the men of Shechem somewhere in an oak tree. Gideon entertained the angel of God, under an oak tree.

Absalom, the beloved son of David, who rebelled against his father and sought to take the kingdom from him, was miraculously removed from David's path by being caught in the branches of an oak tree by his long hair, of which he was overwhelmingly proud. Yet, notwithstanding Absalom's wickedness David mourned his "untimely taking off," like the warm hearted and forgiving father that he was.

The Greek nation was not the only one to invent stories about trees. The Norse people

named the ash from the word *aska*, meaning man, because Odin, the Scandinavian deity, we are told, cut a twig from the ash shaped like an arm and of this twig he fashioned the first man.

Another interesting fact is that Achilles a Greek warrior, made his spears from the wood of the ash, while Cupid also used its wood to shape his unerring arrows.

This tree, we are told, will protect humanity from all evil influences. It is a popular belief among the Norse people that a serpent will cross fire rather than go near even the leaves of the ash tree.

The smaller ash tree, known as the mountain ash, or rowan tree, it is said, at one time saved the life of Thor, a Scandinavian deity when a flood was sweeping him away. Therefore this tree is since endowed with miraculous powers of preservation. We do know that the red berries of the mountain ash, or rowan tree, furnish food to the robins and other birds in the fall of the year, when other fruits have become scarce.

A notable ash tree, celebrated in Scandinavian lore, was the Ygdrasil, whose three roots ran deeper into the earth than those of any other tree. At each of these three roots

a perennial spring gushed and these springs were named respectively, "The Spring of Force," "The Spring of Memory" and "The Spring of Life."

Three sisters, or Norns, representing Past, Present and Future, watered the tree above ground with melted snow brought from the northern hills.

As all the old myths and legends contain a worth while lesson, if one can see it, we learn from the Ygdrasil myth that women exert their beneficent influence over the most important stages of human existence.

Who does not love the maple tree? It is said to be so rare in England that people who come to Canada from the old country are lost in delight over this beautiful tree. It is so abundant in Canada that "The Maple Leaf Forever," has become their motto.

It is rather disappointing to remember that Shakespeare, who so reveled in all natural objects, probably never saw a grove of maple trees, and the native sons and daughters of California are in the same category.

An amusing story is told of the discovery of the sweet sap in the maple tree which resulted in that popular commodity, maple

sugar. A squaw had to cook for her lord's dinner some moose meat and to avoid taking a long trip to the nearest spring after water, she tapped a maple tree and put the meat to cooking in the liquid thus obtained. Then going off on some other errand she forgot, for a while, her dinner and when she returned she found the sap had boiled down and covered the meat with a brown sticky mess which she was sure concealed a hopelessly burned piece of meat. Knowing her husband's hatred of burned meat she fled, expecting nothing less than a good beating. Returning after a while and secretly spying upon him she found him licking his fingers with great gusto and wearing an expression so blissful that she ventured to approach him. She was received with overwhelming endearments for having provided him with a dish so delicious.

The maple wood has always been prized as decorative. Cicero is said to have had a maple table which cost ten thousand sesterces. The sesterce was a Roman coin worth about four cents. Another maple table was sold to a Roman for its weight in gold.

It is comparatively well known that the willow was introduced into England by the

poet, Alexander Pope. He found a green wither of the willow in a box of fruit sent from Smyrna to his friend Lady Suffolk. He planted the stick saying, "Perhaps this may produce something which we have not now in England." He planted it on the bank of the Thames at his home in Twickenham. It grew to be a fine tree and many years later, an English soldier, about to sail for the colonies in the war of the Revolution, took a twig from this willow, intending to plant it in the colonies on the big estate which he expected the crown to bestow on each of the soldiers for beating the "rebels." But when the war ended so differently he gave the twig, which he had kept in oiled paper, to John Parke Custis, stepson of General Washington, who planted it on the Virginian estate, and from it are descended all the weeping willows in America.

The Pine tree is found in nearly all parts of the world. It is a soft wood easily cut with saw or knife, hence has been frequently used for light rafts, whence grew its name from *Pinus*, a raft. For this reason the Greeks dedicated it to their sea god Poseidon, the Neptune of the Romans.

The cones which the pine tree bears so freely were eaten by the Indians. They were also considered an excellent food by the Romans. This tree was a welcome sight to the Pilgrim Fathers when they landed at Plymouth, for it was the only green thing to be seen. They were so cheered by its green beauty that they chose it as a device and stamped a pine tree on their coinage, also affixing it to the state seal of Massachusetts. The pine tree often appears in Japanese art.

There is also a sacred pine tree at Lake Biwa, near Tokio. It is roofed over to protect it from the elements, it is ninety feet high, has a circumference of thirty-seven feet and its three hundred and eighty branches reach two hundred and eighty feet.

There are famous trees all the world over. The most famous of these as well as the oldest, is the one known as "The Charter Oak." It stood on the northern slope of an eminence known as Wylly's Hill, in Hartford, Connecticut. The story of this celebrated tree runs as follows:

In the old days of our country when we were under the rule of the King of England, a man was sent out to govern the colony of Connecticut whose name was Sir Edmund

Andros. Unfortunately for him, he came to the new country handicapped by a bad reputation. He had been governor of New York, and had been recalled and tried for maladministration, but he had managed to get himself cleared, and after five years he was sent to rule over the whole of New England. It was James the second who sent him, who was in many ways a very careless King.

As soon as Andros arrived he began making laws and measures which were disagreeable to the colonists. It must always seem strange to the thoughtful reader of English and colonial American history, that the English Kings could be so oblivious of the fact that the colonists were mostly of English blood, and thus they all shouted the same slogan, "The Britons never can be slaves."

So the New Englanders were too shrewd for Sir Edmond. When in October, 1687, he demanded the "Charter" which the King had granted them, it could not be found. To all appearances it had been lost or destroyed. The truth was the people had been too quick for him, and the charter had been concealed in a most convenient cavity in this immense oak tree. As only a few people knew of its whereabouts, it was never found.

However, the reign of Andros was short, for the people, true to their ancient slogan, rose against him in 1689 and threw him into prison in company with fifty of his followers, and the colonists felt themselves free once more.

In 1855 this celebrated tree was blown down, but a white marble slab has been placed on the exact spot where it stood to show to all the world that the people of New England were a race of freemen.

Another tree, famous in American history, stood in Boston on the corner of Washington and Essex Streets. It stood in a grove of majestic Elms and this particular Elm was called the "Liberty Elm" because the organization known as the "Sons of Liberty" used to meet beneath this tree during the stormy time before the declaration of Independence. A long pole which reached far above the top of the tree was fastened to the trunk, and by an arrangement of ropes and pulleys a red flag was run up to the top of the tree whenever it was desirable to have a meeting of the "Sons of Liberty."

In the winter of 1775 and 1776 while the British soldiers under General Gage were occupying Boston, this memorable tree was

cut down, but the exact spot is now occupied by a noble building, on the facade of which is a relief figure in granite of the old tree, and under it the inscription, "Sons of Liberty, 1776."

Washington Elm is an old elm which long stood in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Under this tree, Washington took command of the Continental army, after having been appointed by the Congress in Philadelphia to be its commander-in-chief. On the morning of July 3, 1775, the Continental army was drawn up in order on the common at Cambridge. Washington, accompanied by his staff, walked from headquarters to the great tree on the north side of the common, drew his sword and with a few pertinent remarks—he was never a man of many words—took command of the army with which he was to found a nation.

Burgoyne Elm was planted in New York, in honor of the surrender of Sir John Burgoyne, an English general, which occurred on October 17, 1777.

A tree well noted stood in Philadelphia and was called the "Treaty Elm" and under its spreading branches William Penn made

his famous treaty of "good faith and good will" with the Indians.

The Indians said, "We will live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon shall endure." We are told that this promise was kept and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian.

In 1810, when this tree was said to be at least two hundred and thirty-three years old it blew down. However, the Penn Society, unwilling to have the tree forgotten, or the treaty of which it was a memorial dishonored, erected a monument on which they placed this inscription:

"Treaty ground of William Penn and the Indian Nation, 1682. Unbroken Faith."



The Pine Tree Maiden.



*Listen to this queer old legend,
Found in ancient Swedish lore;
From a pine knot grew a maiden,
All unknown the name she bore.
Fair and queenly was her aspect,
None could tell just whence she came,
But she lived and won all loving,
Toiled and played the human game.*

*One bright day a knot well-fitted
To a pine board in the wall
Dropped, and left a small round opening;
Quickly came this maiden tall,
Listening gladly, long and often
To the woodland music stirred.
Small and smaller grew her body
As the magic sounds she heard.*

*Then, at last, when none were watching,
She became a tiny elf,
Lightly through the knot-hole hurrying,
Free at last she found herself.
Far away to woodland dancing,
Human ties forgotten soon,
What were all their gauds and trinkets,
Measured by the pine tree's tune?*

*Pine tree's tune! How well she loved it,
Melody so long unheard,
Far and wide the grove she wanders,
All her soul in rapture stirred.
Lost to human trials ever,
Still she wanders glad and free,
Listen. When the wind is blowing,
You may catch her revelry.*



Just whence came the short and beautiful name for the fifth month of our year, but the third one of the old Roman calendar, no one seems to know definitely. Some authors tell us it was derived from "Majores," a name given to the Senators of ancient Rome. Others say we get the name from "Maia," the goddess who was the mother of Mercury. This god, you will remember, was the swift winged messenger of all the gods, called "Hermes" by the Greeks. He is pictured always with wings on his head and feet, but the wings seem too small to be of any practical use. The Romans loved the goddess

Maia so well that on the first day of May, which they called May Day, they began a festival which lasted several days. This they called Floralia in honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers.

The Maypole, and the dance around it, is of purely English invention, although it is now almost forgotten in the land of its birth.

In the old days in England, it was the custom for the priests to gather the people together and march them all off to the woods, where a Maypole was cut, decorated with flowers and carried back to the village green where all who wished might dance around it. It was also a thrifty English custom to select a durable wood for the Maypole, so that it could be used year after year, without the trouble of cutting new ones.

The Roman fashion of celebrating May Day has passed into other countries, so that it is quite a common thing for children and adults to go "a-Maying" on the first day of the month.

We are told that the last Maypole set up in London, was one hundred feet high. This would be about the height of one of the ten story buildings of today. The locality where this tall Maypole stood is now the "Strand"

in London and a church now stands on the place once occupied by the Maypole.

This Maypole was taken down in 1717 and carried to Wanstead Park in Essex, and it would be hard to guess the use to which it was put there. It formed a part of a large telescope which was set up by Sir Isaac Newton, the great philosopher who discovered the law of gravitation, and wrote his famous work, "Principia," which proved the truth of the theory of gravitation and thereby established the true system of the Universe.

In the Roman Catholic Church the people are taught that the month of May belongs to the Virgin Mary and is named for her. If this is true, we wonder why the superstition has arisen that marriages made in this month do not prove happy. This, I suppose, is one of the reasons that June has become the popular month for weddings.

In our own country the custom of going Maying, crowning the May Queen, hanging May baskets, and even dancing around the May pole have become quite popular. There is no more beautiful festivity in the world than the latter. If it were not so difficult in its dance steps, it would undoubtedly be much more popular.



It is not strange that this month is called "Merry, merry May," for with the opening of the month the spring is so well advanced that nearly all the migratory birds have returned to their summer haunts and are ready for the heaviest work of the year, setting up housekeeping, and raising their young. Incidentally, they make the welkin ring with their songs.

We are told that our Saxon forefathers called the beautiful month of May "Tri-Milchi" because in that month the grass grew so tall and lusty, and the cows were so well fed on it that it was possible to milk them three times each day, instead of the customary twice a day. How glad those thrifty Saxons must have been over the increase, especially as it was the custom then, as it is now in some places for the women to do all the milking.



MAY TIME

*May-time is blossom time,
Apple, peach and cherry;
May-time in every clime
Bids the world be merry.
Far and wide, from bush and tree,
List the lilting melody.*

*May-time is cheering time,
Come, now, all together
Tell tales in merry rhyme;
Sing of May-time weather.
Blue sky and balmy air,
Happy hearts without a care.*

*May-time is nesting time.
Sticks, a hair, a feather,
Gay birds are searching round,
Singly or together.
Soon in crook of apple tree,
Neatest little home we'll see.*



Would it not seem at first thought that the appointment of a special day for Mother's Day was unnecessary, since every day of the year must be mother's own time? If this were not true, what would become of the world?

We know very well what does happen to homes everywhere on this small planet when the mother is suddenly stricken at her post; or alas! that this should be so often true, becomes unfaithful to her trust, and leaves the home rudderless.

Without the mother this is the true condition of the home, for even the best inten-

tioned fathers in the world cannot fill the place of the least efficient mother.

To Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia it seemed that something more was needed than mere sentimental talking and singing about a mother's love and a mother's care. She wanted a regularly appointed day occurring once a year just like other holidays and birthdays, a day that everybody would know about and expect. So she courageously promulgated her idea and suggested the second Sunday in May as the special Day.

The plan met with immediate acceptance; it took the place of the once very popular Children's Day. Its first celebration was held in 1910 and it was decided that the Carnation was to be the regular Mother's Day flower. A pink one was to be worn if the mother was alive, if dead then the white blossom was to be in evidence. Popular approval was at once bestowed upon both the day and the flowers. In fact it was so apparent that the movement was the very thing for which the people of the United States had long been waiting that in May, 1913, both houses of Congress passed a resolution recommending that in the future the day be observed by

Congress and also by the executive departments of the government.

In the same year the government of Nebraska made it a state flag day in honor of the Women patriots of Nebraska. In 1914 Congress went a step further in authorizing the President of the United States to designate by an annual proclamation the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day, thus lifting it to the same official dignity of Thanksgiving Day. It was also ordered that the American flag should be displayed that day on government buildings. President Woodrow Wilson was the first president to execute this order of Congress. It was carried out the 9th day of May 1914.

It seemed to be the intention of Congress to give to the Mothers of the country official endorsement in as generous proportion as they have long held sentimental and social recognition.

The Mother's Day International Association, of which Anna Jarvis was for some time president, hopes through the recognition of this movement to further brotherly feelings everywhere. Motherhood presupposes brotherhood, and in acknowledging the supremacy of motherhood a wider feeling of good fellow-

ship is spread over the earth. Differences must be peacefully adjusted, and men and women will learn that there is but one way to live on this small planet where distances are rapidly diminishing. Thus we may hope for the coming of the time when we can meet as loving brothers and sisters sheltered under the protecting care of dear old Mother Earth.



A MOTHER'S LOVE

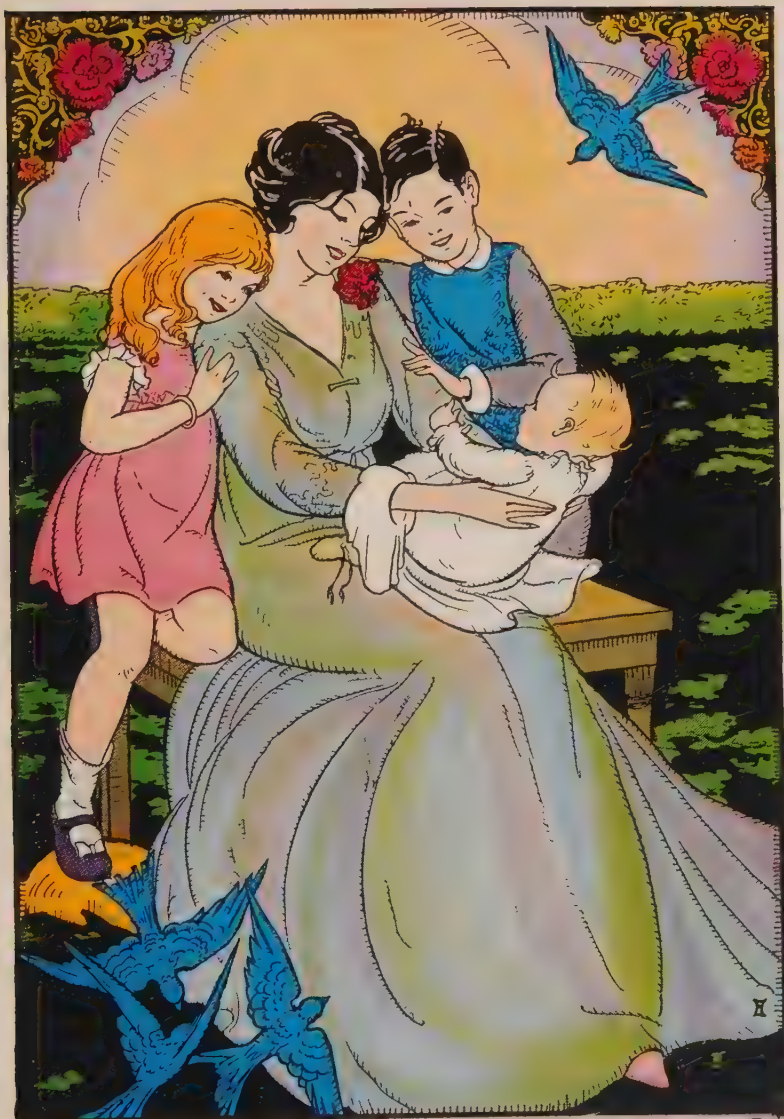
*Precious love of a mother,
What plummet can sound it;
Or what magic surveying
Can serve to bound it?*

*To the ocean's depths diving,
To silent stars reaching,
All the love of the ages,
Ceaselessly teaching.*

*Never other hands holding
So unflinchingly fast,
Through all chances and changes
The same to the last.*

*An exhaustless love surging,
Through whate'er may betide,
All enduring and hoping
In firm, deathless pride.*

*Precious mother-love, reaching
Beyond other earth love,
Its example shines only
In Heaven above.*



..Motherhood..



How wonderful is the time of year when the busy birds are with us, engrossed in their summer work. They flit about here and there, darting to the ground when their eyes fall on a fat worm, or soaring to the topmost bow when they are ready to indulge in a fine concert solo. Is there a human soul anywhere who can help entering into at least a measure of their gayety? Even the "weary old" whose capacity for joy and merriment has been so weakened by illness or disappointment that they have almost forgotten how to give the merry laugh, must relax their facial muscles

sufficiently to at least smile a little when surrounded by the activities of "bird time."

In the north temperate zone where most of the migratory birds make their summer home and carry on their housekeeping and family interests, the robin, song sparrow, bluebird, meadowlark, rose-crested grosbeak, brown thrasher, wood pewee, house wren, baltimore oriole, orchard oriole, the wood dove, the black bird, the crow and the blue jay are almost as common as the weeds and should be known to both adults and children.

Even if your home is in a large city there are always parks where you can spend a day, now and then, and, by the aid of a good general bird book, you can learn to know the songs as well as the appearances of the birds mentioned above.

There were once some children who lived in a city a long distance from a park, but they were within a block or two of an old and beautifully kept cemetery. There they went whenever possible, having with them an older person who could tell them all about the birds when they came into view, or sent their songs trilling through the air.

As a matter of fact, the first time I ever heard a wild mocking bird singing his match-

less song was in a southern city when I happened to pass a large cemetery. The first few notes of that song stayed my feet as if they were chained to the pavement. Though I was on my way to keep an important engagement, I stood as if turned into stone, forgetting everything but the song, until it was finished.

All bird lovers feel that bird day should be observed in every school in the country, as well as in the city. You will tell me, perhaps, that country children are so familiar with birds that they sometimes know them better than the teacher does herself, especially if she happens to be city bred. Both the country and the city schools should keep bird day; the country schools that the children may learn to respect the rights of the birds to peaceful and undisturbed housekeeping, the city children to learn the same great moral truth and also to become acquainted with the different birds, their habits and characteristics and their immeasurable and incomputable usefulness to man.

If one is traveling about in different parts of the United States, it is always interesting to note the changes one sees in the character of the birds. There are certain varieties to be

found everywhere. They are as universal as the rain-clouds and the sunshine.

The robin is one of these who goes nearly everywhere and seems to be known by everyone, from the barefoot schoolboy to the fashionable society lady. He is not, however, a regular visitor in California, except in those parts where cherries are freely grown. The reason for this, we are told by those who have carefully investigated the matter, is that they cannot eat the citrus fruits which are so largely cultivated in California.

It was once the writer's good fortune to see a flock of robins descend upon a large grove of English walnut trees one sunny day in February. Of course everyone who saw the birds expected to hear very soon a fusillade of song. But the wanderers flew about in the great English walnut trees without making a sound save that which came from the fluttering of their wings.

Presently a lusty meadow lark, who had been trilling his melodies to us through all the winter months, flew to the top of the tallest tree and burst into a perfect paean of song, which seemed to say, "Well, if you won't sing, I can, and will."

It may have been that these robins were all young ones, and therefore had not yet had their concert tones fully developed. Whatever was the reason, they flew about in the grove for several days and then, one morning they were gone and the meadow lark again reigned supreme, until it was time for the mocking birds to begin their songs.

We have heard that the robins are found in the mountains of California, but as it is not the habit of robins to avoid the habitations of human beings, we have always felt very doubtful about "robins in the mountains."

The song of the rose-breasted grosbeak is so much like that of the robin that only an expert ear can tell the difference between them. They both sing an especially tuneful lay at the close of the day. These birds are often confused by their songs, although they are so unlike in appearance and habits. The grosbeak is as fond of being near human beings as is the robin.

No matter in what department of human endeavor one intends to pass his life a fair knowledge of birds must always be something worth having. It is therefore wise to embrace every opportunity to acquire this knowledge.

Our debt to the birds is manifold. They fill our days with the gladness of their songs and the beauty of their plummage as they flash about among the trees. In addition they destroy the many grubs and insects that threaten both the foliage that makes our gardens beautiful and the crops upon which we are dependent for food. It is a debt that we do well to remember.



CHOOSING

*"Tell you which the dearest bird?
Which the best song ever heard?"
When upon a bush or tree
Robin redbreast flutes to me,
Then say I, "Oh, he is best,
I'll take him, you keep the rest."
Then, when on the Maytime air
Fall those notes of music rare,
While the meadow lark in flight
Shows his feathers snowy white,
Then I wonder who will say
There is aught to match his lay.
While with bated breath I hear
Oriole, with notes of cheer
"List!" I cry, "no gayer song
E'er is heard from feathered throng.
Singing from a tree-top tall,
Oriole is best of all."
Next I hear the tireless wren,
Telling o'er and o'er again
All the joy his breast contains
Something in each note explains*

*All it means to be a bird,
With a heart by rapture stirred.
But while thinking wren is best,
Hark! across the woodland, stressed
Comes brownthrasher's gayest trill,
And my heart is all a-thrill,
While on high his paeans fall.
Celestial bird, I him would call.
Thus, indeed, what can I do?
How select the best for you?
Since the song which last I hear
Strikes with sweetest tones my ear.
So the last must be the best
And there let the matter rest.*



It must be a common human impulse to decorate the graves of those we love, since, in all ages of the world and in all countries we read descriptions of impressive ceremonies held at the burial places of departed friends.

In studying practices and customs of any kind it is always interesting and illuminating to consider those of ancient people on similar occasions.

We find the Babylonians and Assyrians burying their dead in a dignified manner and also providing them with food and water to

help them on their journey to their new abode. Should this care be neglected the one committing the deed could not know either peace or happiness.

The Persians, who did not bury their dead, but placed their bodies on high to be devoured by the birds, or the elements, held solemn services, with prayers and offerings to drive away the evil spirits and to help the souls of the departed on their way to rest and peace.

The Greeks, we are told, had a rite called the Zoais, which they performed over their dead. It is said to have been a most interesting ceremonial.

The Romans honored their ancestors with a festival called Parentalia which they celebrated in February from the 13th to the 21st.

Another of the ancient peoples, the Druids, believed in the transmigration of the soul, and kept their feast, as we know, on the night of the 31st of October.

Added to all these ancient customs in China and Japan at the present day there is observed a festival for the dead of ancient origin, known as the "Feast of the Lanterns."

All of these remembrances are certainly very comforting, assuring those who are still

living that in every land and in every race the dead are by no means forgotten.

Our American holiday, known as Memorial, or Decoration Day, is a holiday growing, most naturally, out of the American Civil War, or, as some people prefer to call it, "the war between the states."

The custom of decorating soldier's graves was begun by the warm hearted southern women, who, before the close of the war, began laying flowers on the graves of the dead soldiers, and they even went so far in their gentle ministrations as to place the flowers on the graves of the northern soldiers. However, the awakening of a whole community to this good work moved slowly. This always has been, and always will be, true. Thus, although the southern women began their gentle custom so early, it was not until May 5, 1868, three years after the close of the war, that the day was officially recognized. General John A. Logan, at that time commander-in-chief of the American Army, sent out an order that the 30th day of that month be set apart as a day for strewing flowers on the soldiers' graves. Slowly the different states took up the plan, until now, the 30th day of May is a legal holiday in all

the northern states and in some of the southern states as well.

As every holiday created by the "powers that be," thrusts a certain measure of responsibility upon us as American citizens. It behooves us to pause and ask ourselves what we are doing to keep Memorial Day, each in his or her own individual capacity. Should we not observe this day, of all others, soberly and solemnly? Is it a day for merry making and revelry?

It is certainly a day for patriotic feelings, a day to revere the memory of those who kept our nation a united whole. We are proud of them, and of their deeds. Let us then, on this day, if never again, honor them in every dignified way which we can invent.

Time is a wonderful healer, and it is so rapidly erasing all animosities between the two different sections of our country that, at the time of the World War, we found the reunited spirit widely prevalent. All men were ready, both the north and the south, to join hands and fight for the beloved "Star Spangled Banner."

UNITED

*Old Glory proudly waves her folds
Above our honored dead,
And were they "blue," or were they "gray"?.
No more we hear it said.
The sons of blue, the sons of gray
Together crossed the seas,
And heartily Old Glory cheered
When flung on foreign breeze.
And none could tell which wore the blue,
Or which Confederate gray,
For all alike send out their cheers
Upon the air today.
And as they all together marched
Nor north, nor south, they knew,
But followed proudly everywhere
The old "red, white and blue."
Remembered? Yes, from shore to shore,
From mountain brow to sea,
America must hold them dear,
This land, united free.*

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

*By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.*

*These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory;
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.*

*From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.*

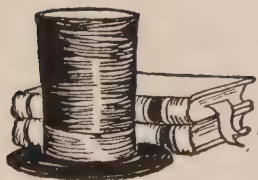
*So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Brothered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.*

*So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.*

*Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.*

*No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.*

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.





Whence came the dear, old American flag, loved so dearly by every son and daughter born on American soil, and by hosts of other adopted children?

Its history cannot be too often told, for it is not only interesting, but remarkable.

Here is the resolution, word for word, adopted on June 14, 1777, by the Congress assembled in Philadelphia.

“Resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white, that the union be thirteen

stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Previous to the adoption of this resolution by Congress, there had been various attempts to provide a national flag, which, however, all proved failures.

It is true that a certain flag was made by the ladies at Philadelphia which bore only twelve stars, because Georgia was not then represented. This flag bore the escutcheon of the Washington family in England. It is also true that the flag was hoisted by the redoubtable John Paul Jones, on his ship "Bon Homme Richard." When subsequently, this flag was shot away and fell into the sea, Lieutenant Stafford leaped after it and nailed it to the mast-head of the ship. This flag, however, was merely one of many attempts, and the fact of the adoption of the foregoing resolution proves that, up to that date, there had been no acknowledged American flag.

There is one most interesting fact worth recording, yet of which little or no mention has been made, and this is that the flag planners were perfectly willing to hoist the thirteen stripes. Would it not seem that the mere fact of the development of the thirteen struggling colonies into our great and won-

derful nation should silence forever the foolish superstition of the "unlucky thirteen?"

Our date given is June 14, 1777, and George Candy, long a resident of Philadelphia and a grandson of Mrs. Ross, gives it as a tradition in his family, that George Ross, a relative of Betsy's husband, was placed on a committee to consider the making of a national flag. Sometime between the 23rd of May, 1777 and the 4th of June, this committee, in company with General Washington, called at the home of Mrs. Ross at 239 Arch St., the house is still standing, and gave to her the design for a flag.

Betsy Ross, then a young woman and an accomplished seamstress, noticed, at once, that the stars drawn were six pointed, and she suggested to General Washington that a five-pointed star should be used, because England was the only one of the nations which used the six-pointed star. All the others, in every place where a star could be used, showed the star with five points. Betsy wisely suggested that for a young nation like the United States, it were wiser to stay with the majority, adding, sagely, that it seemed to her hardly the thing to copy England's form of star.

To this Washington replied that the six-pointed star was more easily made. Thereupon, Betsy, like the ingenious young woman that she was, cut a square of paper, then folded it in a certain manner, and with one clip of the scissors, produced a five-pointed star, which she handed to the general. This settled the matter, and the order was given her to make the new flag according to that plan. The flag was made, accepted, and the resolution was adopted, thus giving a new flag to the new nation.

Does it not seem strange that among those wise and far-sighted men sitting in Congress, no one had a vision that the little nation of thirteen states would grow in size and importance and that some way would need to be devised whereby the flag could grow as the nation grew?

As other states came into the Union a new stripe was added with every state, until there were twenty stripes. Then Congress awoke and passed the law that the American flag should bear but thirteen stripes, in honor of the thirteen original colonies, and that there should be twenty white stars on a blue ground, and that, with the admission of every state there should be a star added. Illinois

was the first state admitted after the passage of this law, which took effect on July 4, 1818. As Americans had not then learned the art of making bunting, all our flags were made of English material, which seemed an ironic fact. However, as was to have been expected, the art of making bunting became, after a time, an American art. The first strictly American-made flag was hoisted on the capitol at Washington, February 24, 1866.

Although we are the youngest among the galaxy of nations, our flag is the oldest of all. It is twenty-three years older than the present flag of Great Britain, seventeen years older than the French flag, nearly one hundred years older than the present flags of Germany and Italy, and eight years older than the flag of Spain.

Thus, you see, our flag has a perfect right to be called "Old Glory." This name was first given, in 1831, by Mr. Driver, a sailing captain of Salem, Massachusetts.

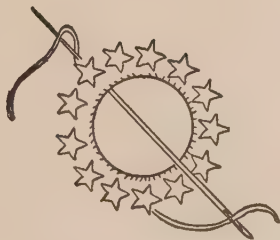
We quote from "*History of Our Country*," by Edward S. Ellis.

"Our flag has been through more battles and has waved over more victories on land and sea than any other flag in the world, and

more than a million men have laid down their lives that Old Glory should float aloft."

This is indeed a sad and deplorable truth, but it also seems to wind about this beloved emblem a sacredness which its mere age could never confer upon it, and should cause every American heart to bow in love and reverence when looking upon its graceful folds.

To really and truly appreciate this flag, one needs to spend some time in a foreign country under an alien flag. On his return he will see the American flag from a new point of view and will realize that, all other questions aside, merely considering its form, color and general arrangement, the beloved American flag is the most beautiful one in the world.



THE FLAG WE LOVE

*Fling out the flag, red, white and blue,
Oh flag so free, oh flag so true!
To win respect from all the world
Let every fold be now unfurled.*

*Yes, lift the hand and bow the head,
Let loyal words of love be said.
These stars and stripes to you and me
More dear than life itself must be.*

*The red for courage, faltering not;
The white all pure without one spot;
The blue as love forever shines;
Thus all things good our flag combines.*

*Then bow the head and lift the hand,
While waves this emblem of our land.
It never has in dust been trailed,
And ne'er to stand for right has failed.*

*Beloved flag! the oldest, best!
United north, south, east and west,
Throb fast the hearts and dim the eyes,
While high o'erhead this emblem flies.*



Betsy Ross makes
the First Flag.

BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG

*From dusk till dawn the livelong night
She kept the tallow dips alight,
And fast her nimble fingers flew
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head
She stitched the stripes of white and red,
And when the day came up the stair
Complete across a carved chair
Hung Betsey's battle flag.*

*Like shadows in the evening gray
The Continentals filed away,
With broken boots and ragged coats,
But hoarse defiance in their throats;
They bore the marks of want and cold,
And some were lame and some were old,
And some with wounds untended bled,
But floating bravely overhead
Was Betsy's battle flag.*

*When fell the battle's leaden rain,
The soldier hushed his moans of pain
And raised his dying head to see
King George's troopers turn and flee.
Their charging column reeled and broke,
And vanished in the rolling smoke,
Before the glory of the stars,
The snowy stripes and scarlet bars
Of Betsy's battle flag.*

*The simple stone of Betsy Ross
Is covered now with mould and moss,
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads,
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsy's battle flag.*

MINNA IRVING.



We have had Mother's Day for sixteen years, and it has proved a happy inspiration on the part of its founder. There have been several spasmodic attempts to create a Father's Day, but they have been all laughed down without bringing any definite action. The thought seemed to be that the fathers could take care of themselves. As they were the "lords of creation" they needed no special hedging around as to days and celebrations. After all, didn't they have everything pretty

much their own way, so why bother about them? seemed to be the general attitude of the rest of humanity toward the question.

The women's clubs, however, always on the alert to put an end to things that shouldn't be, and to create things that should be, began to show a practical interest in this great question. It seemed to be the consensus of opinion that the fathers would much appreciate this sentimental interest in their welfare.

In 1924 when Father's Day was first discovered, or invented, or originated, the subject of a symbolical flower was broached. The *New York Times* promptly suggested that the dandelion be consecrated to this use. It, and it only, was the proper flower, because the more it is tramped on, the more luxuriantly it grows and the more freely it blooms. It is unnecessary to carry out this simile. Perhaps the fathers themselves may have something to say about the emblematic flower. It has been suggested that the red rose be selected as symbolical of Father's Day, but the significance of this flower in this connection has not yet been fully demonstrated by the people who hold this branch of *symbolism* in their hands.

Of course, in considering this subject of Father's Day it became necessary for all writers and speakers to classify the fathers, putting each one in his own place. The least worthy, we are told, is the financial father, even though all will readily admit his usefulness. By this is meant the father who thinks of finance and of that only, a worshiper of gold who cares nothing for his family, or for his fellow creatures at large, but whose only thought is the accumulation of wealth.

Quite as undesirable and much less convenient is the father who, from any cause, never succeeds in maintaining his family in moderate comfort.

This inability does not always arise from lack of opportunity, but quite often from a determination to take only the opportunity which is agreeable. The right kind of a father must think of his own desires and inclinations last of all. "The greatest good to the greatest number" must be the slogan ever on his lips.

It is a sad truth that some fathers are like the one in the story who said he had married a good Methodist woman to bring up the children, intimating that in so doing he had discharged his whole duty. He belonged to the class known as the incapable fathers.

The father who fully realizes his responsibilities knows that, in the bringing up of sons no mother, however conscientious, loving and watchful, can take a father's place.

You will find, in watching the development of families, that few boys go wrong who are so lucky as to possess a watchful, careful and companionable father.

The ideal father is depicted in the words of the little boy in the following verses:



MY FATHER

*When I grow up to be a man
Just like my father I will be,
And if I have a little boy
I'll treat him like my father treats me.*

*And every night I'll play with him
At shooting marbles "just for fun,"
And I will tell him stories, too,
And he will laugh at every one.*

*There's no one like my father dear,
Mothers, of course, are sweet and true,
But fathers once were little boys
And know just what we like to do.*

*And when he says, "What is it son?"
Why anything for him I'd do,
I'd work and work and never shirk,
And maybe run a mile or two.*

*So if you ask what I like best,
I'll point right off to father here,
There's nothing in this whole round world
That I'd exchange for father dear.*



It is a great pity that we have never had an established flower day among the many days which are celebrated in the schools. It is true the schools do cultivate and care for flowers, but there should be a day particularly set apart, not only to plant flowers, but to study their names, natures, formations and the thousand interesting things about them. The Chaldeans, Egyptians and Greeks of a very early day studied plants thoroughly, although they regarded them chiefly from a medicinal standpoint.

We are told that, about three hundred years before Christ one Theophrastus, a Greek, wrote a book entitled "A History of

Plants." This book described about five hundred different species of plants which could be used in the treatment of diseases. The elder Pliny, a Roman, also wrote on different plants and various Asiatic and Arabic writers followed up the subject carefully. But all of this study was approached, more or less, from a medicinal standpoint.

In the sixteenth century, with the general renaissance, or awakening, in all departments of knowledge, a new interest was aroused in the science of plants, and many writers wrote books of more or less value on this subject.

In 1707, however, was born in Sweden Carl Von Linnei, or as he is commonly called Linnæus, who became the real founder of the great science of botany. To all these studious ones we should be ever grateful for placing on a solid basis this great study which has opened a new world of knowledge to humanity.

Some day, you who are young, may take up this study in your school work. Meanwhile, if you will watch the flowers, ask their names and learn all about their growth and habits, you will find the study deeply interesting. Do not consider alone the flowers of the choicest and best kept gardens, but become familiar with the wild blossoms of the woods and

waysides. Those which have no gardeners but the earth, the rain and the sun.

There is nothing, after all, in the whole wide world more interesting than a seed. If one enters upon the cultivation of flowers he will soon learn the different varieties of seeds, and as he holds the tiny brown things in his hands he will wonder how it is possible for the power of the earth, the rain and the sun to change the tiny, apparently lifeless things into the gorgeous, or sweet-scented blossoms which they become. This transition is nothing more nor less than a wonderful miracle and the development thereof will prove a never-ceasing wonder.

Flowers today are loved and cultivated as never before in the world's history. We see this in the adoption of emblematic flowers by so many organized societies, also by their wide selection as "state flowers."

A list of these is given below. Those chosen by the state legislature are unmarked, those chosen by the schools are given one asterisk, while those which are the choice of the people are given two asterisks.

Alabama, *Golden Rod**; Arizona, *Giant Cactus*; Arkansas, *Apple Blossom*; California, *Golden Poppy*; Colorado, *Columbine**; Con-

necticut, *Mountain Laurel*; Delaware, *Peach Blossom*; Florida, *Orange Blossom*; Idaho, *Syringa***; Illinois, *Wood Violet*; Indiana, *Carnation*; Iowa, *Wild Rose***; Kansas, *Sun Flower*; Kentucky, *Trumpet Vine***; Louisiana, *Magnolia*; Maine, *Pine Cone and Tassel**; Maryland, *Black-eyed Susan*; Massachusetts, *Mayflower*; Michigan, *Apple Blossom*; Minnesota, *Moccasin Flower*; Mississippi, *Magnolia**; Missouri, *Hawthorne*; Montana, *Bitterroot*; Nebraska, *Golden Rod*; Nevada, *Sage Brush***; New Hampshire, *Purple Lilac*; New Jersey, *Violet*; New Mexico, *Cactus**; New York, *Rose**; North Carolina, *Golden Rod***; North Dakota, *Wild Prairie Rose*; Ohio, *Scarlet Carnation*; Oregon, *Oregon Grape*; Rhode Island, *Violet**; South Carolina, *Yellow Jessamine*; South Dakota, *Pasque Flower*; Tennessee, *Passion Flower*, *Hort. Society*; Texas, *Bluebonnet*; Utah, *Sage Lily*; Vermont, *Red Clover*; Virginia, *American Dogwood*; Washington, *Rhododendron***; West Virginia, *Rhododendron*; Wisconsin, *Violet**; Wyoming, *Indian Paintbrush*.

THE SEED

*This little brown seed
Seems worthless indeed,
As before us lifeless it lies.
Ere Time has grown old
To joy 'twill unfold,
A message full of surprise.*

*The earth and the sky
Together will vie
And on the small seed do their part.
So plant what you please
And soon on the breeze
New beauty will gladden your heart.*

*The little brown seed
Will fill all your need.
Or whether of food or delight.
Oh, miracle great,
You have but to wait,
'Tis sure as the daytime and night.*

*One law, bear in mind,
Unchanging you'll find,
That thistle seeds thistles must bring,
And love cannot grow
From hatred, you know,
Or weeds from the flower seeds spring.*



The world has seen many revolutions. Nearly all have come upon humanity with a sharp and sudden shock. Not in this manner, however, was the birth of the American Revolution. There were many rumblings, not loud, but deep, which were understood by all listening ears, ears which were held close to the ground, and which knew well what each rumble meant. Had George the Third been more of a real Englishman, with English modes of thought, his line of conduct must have been very different. He must have known and heard, however, the beloved

song of the English people, "Britons never can be slaves." Yet, he was not enough of an Englishman to know that this sentiment was woven in with every fibre of their being. Added to this there was vibrant in him so much of the natural tyrant that it suited his convenience to quite ignore the outstanding fact that the American colonists were largely of English blood and many of them even of English birth. He treated these people as he would not have dared to treat his immediate subjects. Still, further, like his German ancestors, he heeded not his wise advisors who suggested "conciliatory measures." Not a bit of it! He preferred to accept the advice given by his grandmother to his grandfather, George the First, "*Now be King,*" and king he was to the bitter end.

The first foolish move was the levying of taxes on certain staple articles of foreign commerce, tea for one thing.

Massachusetts made the next move in this interesting course of events by a little affair which has been called the "Boston tea-party."

A company of men disguised as Indians boarded a ship lying in the harbor, loaded with tea and dumped the entire cargo into the Atlantic ocean, thus surprising, not only

the finny tribes in the water but King George and his sympathizers, as well.

The Massachusetts Legislature then sent a message to the Virginia Legislature asking for a concurrence in this action. This was speedily given and the other less important and populous colonies soon fell into line.

In the winter of 1775-6 a decisive blow was struck by this foolish king. On opening Parliament he declared the American colonists to be rebels and advised the use of "coercive measures" to bring these rebellious subjects into obedience to English rule.

This seems to have been the blow which was needed to crystallize the feeling of the colonists. They awoke to the knowledge that they were too loosely held together. It was evident that each separate House of Burgesses, as each colonial legislature was called, gave no opportunity for what Benjamin Franklin later styled, "Hanging together." Accordingly, Thomas Jefferson was appointed to write to the different colonies and get their opinions on different matters of public interest. The immediate result of this correspondence was the call for an assembly of delegates from different colonies to consider

what should be done to meet the disagreeable situation of being called "rebels."

This body convened in June 1776 at Philadelphia, and is called in history "the Continental Congress."

A strange foreboding filled the air, an unexpected awareness that something new and unlooked for was about to happen. Wonderings and surmises were abroad, not only in Philadelphia, but throughout the colonies, spread over the wide distances between them, those distances so great then, but nothing, now. Today we can go from the most northern of those original thirteen colonies, New Hampshire, to the one farthest south, Georgia, in much less time than was required to reach Philadelphia. Their only means of transportation was horses, and often even the best roads in the country were, by reason of inclement weather, nearly impassable. Brave indeed were those men to undertake any sort of concerted action, and deep and strong in their hearts must have been that love of liberty which has ruled the world through all the changing centuries.

On June 11th this Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia appointed five remarkable men to prepare a "Declaration"



The Liberty Bell
Rings Out.

upon which the Congress could act. The men chosen were Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman and Robert Livingston to prepare this Declaration. The first three men were the master spirits of the committee, and Thomas Jefferson prepared a draft of the sentiments to be considered and submitted to the others for their approval or criticism. A great artist J. L. G. Ferris has painted a picture of Jefferson, Franklin and Adams assembled in conclave over this draft. It is a wonderful picture and is still hanging in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. No one can look upon the faces of these three mighty men without realizing that with them at the helm, no movement, however radical, could fail of success.

The accuracy of the portraiture in this painting is sufficient to make it invaluable. Its realism is startling, over the floor are scattered the crumpled, discarded efforts of the writers.

The votes for this "Declaration" were to be counted, not by members, but by colonists. Thus, if there were three delegates from any colony two of them must vote in the affirmative in order to have the vote of the colony carry. Then arose a very peculiar situation.

There were three counties bordering on the Delaware River which later became the colony of Delaware. These counties were represented by three delegates, Rodney, McKean and Reed. Rodney's vote was not needed if McKean and Reed would vote together, but it was whispered to McKean that Reed intended to vote against the Declaration. He immediately mounted a rider on a fast horse and sent him after Rodney who was eighty miles away. History tells us that in ten minutes after Rodney received the message he was mounted on a fresh, fast horse and was riding away, as Eldridge Brooks expresses it, "to shake his fist in King George's face."

There is no question that this country could not have long remained a vassal of England, but the action of these intrepid men on July 4th, 1776, certainly advanced the cause of liberty by unnumbered years.

It has always seemed a strange coincidence that the makers of the old Liberty Bell, which still hangs in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, and which was hung there in 1753, should have these immortal words engraved upon it, "Proclaim Liberty through

all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Lev. 25, 10.

Surely there must have been a prophetic spirit lurking somewhere among the manufacturers of this bell. There must have been somewhere a vision of these colonies struggling for that precious thing liberty when these inspiring words would be needed to cheer and fire their spirit.

I am quoting some verses regarding the immortal ride of Caesar Rodney, which seems to be the only ride on record made merely to cast a vote.

After all, Reed's name appears among the signers of the Declaration. Perhaps the heroism of Rodney inspired him with a desire to be enrolled with the lovers of liberty. Rodney, however, was not a member of the next Continental Congress. There were many royalists in his district, for then, even as now, there were men who wanted to stand in with those who were in power, and they, of course, were incensed at Rodney's efforts to carry the vote of the "counties three" for the Declaration of Independence. Later on, however, he was given many honors by the enemies of the royalists, and even if he had not been he never would have regretted his effort.

A RIDE FOR A VOTE

*Strange tales we hear of battles won
By riding hard from sun to sun,
By riding hard more blood to spill,
But not to scatter far good will.
A very different tale I tell,
Read it with care and ponder well.*

*In Philadelphia's stately hall
The Congress met at freedom's call,
The call of patriots true and strong,
To take a stand 'gainst bitter wrong,
Against a tyrant's harsh command,
Where should have been a helping hand.*

*Caesar Rodney, true patriot he,
And delegate from "counties three"
Had no respect for George the Third,
And angry grew at edicts heard.
At home he staid, his daily task
Money from all to freely ask.*

*How could he ride away in pride
When came the calls on every side,
"Give us money, or all is lost,
Must freedom die because of cost?"
And thus through "counties three" he went
Daily upon this mission bent.*

*In Congress fast the talk went on,
And names for liberty were won,
While few the friends for George the Third,
One voice dissenting there was heard,
Since lacked the vote of counties three
"Rodney," they cried, "must with us be."*

*Then mounted soon on swiftest steed
A rider went on record speed;
Came to Rodney of Delaware.
"Now haste," he cried, "our trials share.
We need the vote of 'counties three,'
Our land from tyrant's hand to free."*

*"When stands the vote?" asked Rodney
straight.*

*"This very night when clocks strike eight."
Cried Rodney then, "No time to spare
To cast the vote of Delaware;
Although 'tis eighty miles away,
I swiftly go to meet the fray."*

*Hard he rode, while summer heat
Covered with foam his steed so fleet.
Hours flew by and towns the same,
The towns well known to sight and name,
Fleet horses came whene'er the call
From Caesar Rodney, friend to all.*

*Seven o'clock and Rodney came
To Schuylkill red with sunset's flame,
On horseboat hitched the weary steed,
While moved the bark at little speed,
But Caesar Rodney took his stride
Up Chestnut Street, with honest pride.*

*Begrimed with dust, his face aflame,
Into Congress brave Rodney came,
All the stress of the half day's ride
Fell off, like garments thrust aside,
And joy supreme thrilled through his heart
As cast his vote for freedom's part.*

*Other great rides have stirred the world,
Rides which great wrongs have rashly hurled,
This one, I think, stands out alone,
None other like it ever known.
Caesar Rodney of counties three,
Who rode to vote for liberty.*

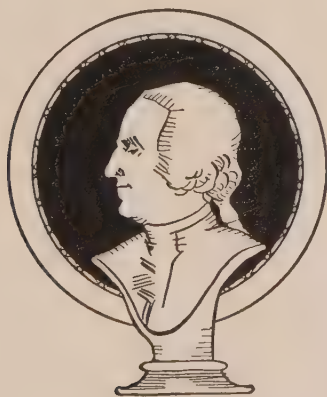
*Long may his name through ages ring,
Bringing to men today a sting,
Worthless men who no ballots cast
While wrong and sin go strutting past.
Would there were more like Rodney true
Who duty saw and did it too.*

PREAMBLE TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that

Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.





At certain times in the world's history work has been considered a curse, and therefore it was to be avoided, if possible. The man, or woman who toiled, whether from choice or necessity, was looked upon with scorn.

This was a thought held by the Chinese nation, where it was considered a mark of honor for a man to grow long fingernails, and for a woman to toddle around on feet so bound that often their owners were obliged to lean on two people in order to move at all. Of course no man could do any sort of useful work if his nails were half as

long as his fingers, and, as for the foot-bound women, they could be of no use to anyone, not even themselves.

Another reason for the general contempt in which work was held was that for many centuries work of all kinds was done by slaves, and it was thus only natural that work should be despised. Now, however, all this is changed. The world has progressed and slavery has been abolished everywhere except among the barbarians of Africa. Even there it is practiced in a much smaller degree than before the appearance of the white man in this strange and mysterious country.

The world has grown so much wiser, that people now have learned that this once despised work is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon mankind. It is certainly true that the men, or women who have no particular work to do are of all people the most miserable. Thus the dignifying of labor, or work, has been an immense factor in human progress.

Fortunately for us all the world is full of various kinds of work. So great is the variety that almost anyone can find exactly the sort of work he, or she, likes best. Anyone who has found his work, is doing it and is fairly well

paid for it, has found the great secret of human happiness. No matter what people may say, no matter how much they may deride, or oppose one who has found this great secret, he can be happy amid storms of opposition and reproach. Labor is the great keystone of civilization. The fundamental difference between civilized man and the barbarians is this one thing, work.

The two questions, labor and social science have become synonymous with many people, and the intelligent study of these questions has broadened the minds of the world at large and produced among working men themselves a desire for knowledge along many new lines. This desire for improvement and understanding on the part of the working man, as well as the desire for cohesion, resulted in the organization, in 1869, of an association known as The Knights of Labor.

But large bodies move slowly and but little was known of this organization, until in 1882, a parade was held on the first Monday in September, and thus was given to this body a publicity never before attained. In 1883, also on the first Monday in September, a parade was held in the streets of Philadel-

phia. In 1884, at a meeting held in the same city, G. B. Lloyd, a well-known Knight of Labor of Philadelphia, offered a resolution that in the future parades of this character should be held on the first Monday in September and that the day should be dignified with the name "Labor Day."

This action provoked, as was doubtless expected, an agitation among all working men's organizations to procure from the different state legislatures formal action, making the first Monday in September a legal holiday.

On March 15, 1887, Colorado passed a law to this effect. New Jersey fell in line soon after, then New York and Massachusetts followed, and now the day is a legal holiday everywhere in the United States, except in Maryland and Wyoming, who prefer to set the day aside by annual proclamation from the governor. Banks, schools, libraries, and in many places, even stores are closed on the first Monday in September, and thus labor seems, at last, to have taken its proper position in the art of living.

ACTION

*Clang of the city has begun,
Clamor ceaseless from sun to sun,
So far away that none can tell
Bang of hammer from peal of bell.
Blended together comes the sound,
City's reverberating round.*

*Once on a time the desert peace
Wrapped me close like a robe of fleece,
Fierce the longing of heart and soul
Writhing beneath that soft control,
Longings intense for forceful stir,
The city's never ceasing whirl.
No desert peace 'neath blazing sun,
Can equal life where deeds move on.*

*Bustle surrounding action's sway,
I hail with joy each dawning day.
Steeped in sweet rest souls lose their wings
Endeavor's stir sweet harvest brings.
To do, achieve, steep heights to climb
Must bring each day a joy sublime.*

'Mid city's roar my gay lips sing;
The hammer's harsh unceasing stir,
The wheels with all their merry whir,
The shriek of trains from action spring;
For noise shows ceaseless, busy strife,
No death is there, but restless life.
Then hail to labor! everywhere,
Honor to those who do their share.





If we think, dream, hope, or imagine something to be true which all the rest of the world declares is false, then I think we must be very uncomfortable most of the time. But if we are absolutely certain that we are right and all the rest of the world is wrong, we cannot help being very happy. This is the condition in which Christopher Columbus found himself. He felt certain that the world was round, while the great mass of humanity believed it to be flat.

It is easy to imagine the boy Columbus haunting the wharves of the great seaport

of Genoa, situated in the north of Italy, where he was born in 1435, or 6, and watching the coming of the ships. We can imagine him gazing out over the blue and far-reaching Mediterranean and noting, as he must have done, that he always saw the masts of the vessels before he saw the hulls. Can it be that this oft repeated spectacle gave him the first thought that the world must be round? At that time it was the commonly accepted belief that the earth was flat.

The father of Christopher Columbus was a well-to-do wool comber who sent Christopher, his eldest son, to the University at Pavia.

At the University Christopher chose to study mathematics and the natural sciences. Nautical astronomy, we are told, was there taught by two learned men and it may be that he was there inoculated with the theory that the earth was round.

At all events, when he was fifteen he chose the life of a sailor, and so continued until his years were well advanced. There is no full account of these, no doubt, eventful years. But he seems to have compressed their whole adventurous history into one terse sentence when he wrote, "Wherever

ship has sailed, there have I journeyed."

It is known, however, as an actual fact that he visited England, Iceland, or, as it was then called Ultima Thule, the Guinea coast and the Greek Isles. What strange scenes he must have visited and how evident it is that altogether they quickened his love for change, variety and bold explorations. There are some records still extant that he was a brave, intrepid man.

We also know that it was a sea fight, under Colombo of Mozo, which brought Christopher to the shores of Portugal. He was wrecked in this sea fight off Cape St. Vincent, and escaped to land on a plank. This was in 1470. This adventure was sufficient to arrest the attention of the people of Lisbon, for all the world loves bravery, and in due course, Columbus married Felipa Muni Perestrello the daughter of a captain serving under Prince Henry, the first governor of Porto Santo, one of the Madeira Islands.

After this marriage Columbus seemed settled for a while, and earned a living for himself and family by making maps and charts. He also spent much time, we are told, in studying the nautical papers left by his de-

ceased father-in-law. During his years of adventure as a sailor he had not spent his time in idleness but had read carefully the works of Ptolemy and kindred writers, also the travels of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville. He had also mastered all nautical science. Thus the atmosphere into which his marriage had led him was a most congenial one.

We are told that the marvelous tales of the brothers Polo of the wealth of the Indies, accompanied by the proofs of their stories which they brought home with them in the shape of fabulously priced jewels, fired Columbus with the hope of reaching this wonderful country by sailing west. Thus, would he give to the world a much shorter route than the one then known, which was a voyage around the entire continent of Africa.

Although it was the belief of the great mass of humanity that if one sailed long enough he would fall over the edge of the earth into an immeasurable abyss, still strange and incomprehensible rumors from scientific students, were spread abroad that the world was round. Rumors which only the ultra scientific people considered for a moment.

The plan of finding this new route to Asia grew upon Columbus with the flight of time and after the death of his wife, we find him with his little lad Diego, making the rounds of the different powers in his endeavors to win financial help for the carrying out of his great scheme.

While most scientific men agreed with the theories of the evidently poor and struggling mariner, it was hard to convince wealth and high authority, combined with ignorance and superstition, that the man's enthusiasm was backed by absolute knowledge.

Columbus like Paul believed in beginning at home. Therefore, he first applied to the Senate of Genoa, his native city, for help, but was flatly turned away. He next appealed to John the Second of Portugal, who while professing to treat his proposition lightly, treacherously sent out in secret a caravel to undertake the adventurous voyage. The caravel, however, being commanded and manned by captain and crew lacking the enthusiasm of Columbus, became disheartened, and returned after a brief and unprofitable voyage.

When Columbus learned of this despicable treachery he was so incensed that he at

once left Portugal. Also he sent letters to Henry VII of England. As Spain was the nearest point for his efforts, and as we can imagine him with an always light pocket-book, he secretly departed for this country, and appealed first to the duke of Medina Sidonia, who declared his scheme to be visionary and impracticable. He next sought the Duke of Medina Celi, who heard his story gladly and gave him great encouragement. But after keeping him waiting two years, he decided that the plan was too large to be undertaken by a single individual and wrote a letter to Queen Isabella of Spain, which resulted in his call to the Court at Cordova.

After many months of varying fortunes, with promises never fulfilled, with hopes ever deferred, a junta, composed of high ecclesiastics and pseudo scientists, consented to consider his scheme, and after much talk on both sides, set it at naught as vain and impractical.

Once more the thoughts of Columbus turned to France and ceasing to follow the fickle and uncertain royalty, he set out for Huelva, where his brother-in-law lived intending to sail from there to France. But on his way, he halted at the little town of Palos, and footsore and weary, he paused at the

convent of La Rabida and asked for water and bread for the little lad Diego. The request was granted and he then fell into conversation with Juan Perez de Marchena, who had once been the confessor of Queen Isabella.

The result of this chance encounter was a letter from the Priest to Queen Isabella and all the world knows the end of the story. The sale of the Queen's jewels, the fitting out of the three caravels and the final departure over the unknown seas upon this most momentous journey.

I love to think of Columbus kneeling down to kiss this land so miraculously discovered, after the long struggles which must have exhausted any one less certain of the truth of his theories. Although his general conclusions were true, he had underestimated the size of our planet and overestimated the size of the great continent of Asia. This was why his voyage had dragged out to a much greater length than he had anticipated. However, a great joy must have surged through his soul because he had proved the truth of his theory that by sailing due west he would come to land.



The Long Long Journey.

Mixed with his elation, however, there must have been a great disappointment, for although he believed himself in India, this was not the land of his dreams or even of his reading. Instead of the dazzling cities which he had expected, he encountered only naked savages much like those of Africa, except that their coloring was different. Their decorations were not diamonds, rubies, emeralds and other gorgeous hued stones, but merely the scalps of their enemies. There were no mines of gold in sight to be rifled and carried

back to pay Isabella for the loss of her jewels, or to magnificently enrich the nation's coffers.

Upon his return he was received with great acclaim, for he had not fallen off the edge of the Earth, he had been somewhere, and had brought back himself, his three ships, their crews, some gold, cotton, parrots, and nine Indians! He was given the title of Don, was loaded with royal honors, but more than all the rest, preparations were made at once for another voyage.

This expedition differed greatly from the first one, instead of three small caravels, there were three great galleons and fourteen caravels, and the crew of all these ships numbered fifteen hundred men. Twelve missionaries accompanied them, for their main intention now was to christianize and colonize these new lands.

More discoveries were made on this second expedition, but after a time sickness laid Columbus low. The climate proved unhealthful. Many of the colonists were also ill and food was scarce. Therefore complaints began to reach Spain and Columbus felt that he must return home immediately. His presence seemed to quiet all doubts and

the king and queen received him with old time friendliness. He was given his choice between a dukedom and a marquisate, and in every possible way he was shown that his great deeds were appreciated.

Accordingly, in May, 1498, he returned to the new land with six ships. It was on this third voyage that he coasted around the northern part of South America and decided that what he had thought an archipelago was, in reality, a great continent, although he still believed it to be Asia.

When he reached the colony of "Isabella," which he had founded on his first voyage, he learned, to his great disappointment that things had not prospered well during his absence. The colonists had rebelled against his two brothers whom he had left in charge. More than all, he was ill himself and consequently could not take active charge as he had done before. Complaints began to reach Spain, and Ferdinand, who had never been more than half-heartedly in favor of Columbus, sent Francisco de Bobadilla to the new land to investigate matters and, if necessary, take active charge of affairs. This was a most unfortunate selection.

Columbus on his return had restored a

measure of tranquillity to the island. He had frustrated the attempts of his old lieutenant Ojida to stir up strife among the people and had taken the reins of government in his own hands. He had also begun to christianize the Indians and to collect them into villages. Gold mining had risen to a height of activity and Columbus predicted with certainty that in three years' time the royal revenue would be raised to sixty million reals (a real is about five cents of American money).

But when Bobadilla arrived, all was changed. Columbus and his brothers were accused of all kinds of crimes and putting the whole three in irons he sent them back to Spain.

The captain of the caravel in which the three illustrious men were shipped, Alonzo de Villejo, out of his profound respect for Columbus, offered to remove the irons, but he would not consent to this until they were ordered removed by the king and queen. He also declared that when they were removed he would "keep them as relics and as memorials of the rewards of his services."

A heart-broken and indignant letter from Columbus arrived at court before the dispatch of Bobadilla.

A great wave of indignation went over the land, and again the star of Columbus was in the ascendancy. Large sums were given him and he appeared at court, not in irons and disgrace, but richly apparelled and surrounded by friends. Queen Isabella, it is said, was moved to tears when she heard the details of his story. Bobadilla was impeached and sent home while a new governor was appointed in his place.



COLUMBUS

*Columbus sailed the "unknown sea"
To find this world for you and me,
Though overjoyed he kissed the ground
He never knew just what he'd found.
Old Asia's wealth he sought to hold,
But better far than gems or gold
He found this land where man may be
Unhampered, true, in spirit free.
For this he sailed by night and day,
While slowly wore the time away;
For this he bore the murmurs deep,
And hushed a thousand fears to sleep.*

*Oh brave of heart, to purpose true,
Only one vision still in view,
What matter though dark threats were heard
Only one hope his spirit stirred.
Soon silenced all who railed at him
And hushed each lordly prelate's whim.
Joy filled his spirit through and through,
For he had found his dreams were true.*

*Since sailing west he land had found
No one could doubt the world was round.
No more wild tales could trouble man
Since all admitted true his plan.
He thought to Asia he had sailed,
Nor dreamed that he in this had failed.
They say of broken heart he died,
But this must ever be denied,
For those who win their life's desire
Do not of broken hearts expire.*

ENVOY

*A lesson wise he here may gain,
No earnest effort can be vain.
Though still unwon the gold we sought,
Some prize must come from labor wrought.*

COLUMBUS

*Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, sail on! and on!"*

*"My men grow mut'nous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave wash'd his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"*

*They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanch'd mate said:
"Why, now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, and say—"
He said: "Sail on! and on!"*

They sailed, they sailed, then spoke his mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight,

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one word;

What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leaped as a leaping sword:

"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,

*And through the darkness peered that
night.*

Ah, darkest night! and then a speck—

A light! a light! a light! a light!

It grew—a star-lit flag unfurled!

It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;

He gained a world! he gave that world

Its watch-word: "On! and on!"

JOAQUIN MILLER.



Hallow Even! Everyone knows that the word means "Holy Eve," and doubtless there is now and then a boy or girl more thoughtful than his or her mates who tries to reconcile this name with the wild and often silly and harmful pranks which are commonly played on this night.

It is a rare thing to find a boy, or a girl, who does not know the usual manner of keeping Hallowe'en, but we did meet a boy of that sort not so very long ago. He was born, and had lived for thirteen years, on an Idaho homestead, had been to school in that neighborhood and therefore had associated with other boys and girls who knew no more of the

customs of village, or city children than he did. A lady said to him:

"I suppose you are preparing for Hallowe'en fun, tonight?"

He looked puzzled for a moment, then he asked, "Hallowe'en, what's that? I don't know anything about history."

I think there are not many boys like this one, but although they may all know the customary ways of keeping Hallowe'en and even the meaning of the word, yet I believe there are many who wonder why it is so named, and how and why it was ever set aside as a holiday.

The evening is called "Holy Eve" because it is the night before a church day known as "All Saints' Day," which is kept every year on the first day of November.

The custom of keeping this night was begun by the Druids. They were a strange religious sect of whom not much is known, except that they lived among the ancient people known as Celts, who inhabited certain parts of Great Britain, France and Germany in the early days of history.

They possessed some strange customs, and one of these was that they lighted immense fires on three nights of the year, and

made solemn religious festivals of these occasions.

The first fire was lighted by them in May. This was to bring them good weather for seed planting. The next great occasion was on the night of June 21st, the longest day of the year. This was to insure the thorough ripening of all crops.

The greatest of all these fire-lighting occasions came on October 31st, and as it was the last fire of the year, it became a most solemn religious ceremony.

In all sections of the country they had built permanent large mounds of stone called cairns, and on the tops of these mounds, or cairns, the sacred fires were built, and were not allowed to go out, until they were put out on the night of October 31st.

In those days, you will know, there were no matches and the lighting of fires was a very slow and most mysterious process, invested by these imaginative people with a sacred and miraculous power.

The fire lighting on the night of October 31st was the most important one of the season, for two reasons: First, because the existing fire on that night was utterly quenched. Second, on the mysterious influence of this

flame depended the gathering of all the crops of the year. On this fateful night, around all the sacred cairns, where the so-called priests assembled, clad in their spotless white robes, the people gathered. The congregation waited in silence while the priests prayed for the safe ingathering of the crops, then, at the proper moment, the sacred fire was quenched and means were taken at once to kindle a new fire.

It would have been a presage of the hardest kind of ill fortune if the new fire had refused to burn. But as the priests generally understood the art of kindling fire, this was a catastrophe which rarely, if ever, occurred. We can imagine, however, the bated breath, the suppressed impatience, the silent fear which prevailed in the waiting throng.

As soon as the new fire gleamed up in the darkness, the people raised a great shout of joy. Presently other fires lit up the darkness from the surrounding hill tops. Then, everybody was happy and satisfied, for they believed they were safe, so far as their crops were concerned, for another year.

When the solemn services were ended each head of a family took some of the sacred

fire to kindle a fire on his own hearth stone, and then the happy people scattered to their homes.

The renewal of these sacred fires at these stated intervals was supposed to drive away all evil and uncanny influences and to keep the people in prosperity and peace.

By and by the Christians came to the Celtic people, and although they lent themselves quickly to its doctrines and practices, they were unwilling to resign their tri-yearly custom of fire-lighting. We cannot wonder at this reluctance, for there is a wonderful charm about a great night bonfire which holds the human heart in leash from childhood to old age.

Indeed, the worshipping of fire by the early members of the human race seems more natural than any other of its beliefs. The primitive church undoubtedly understood this fascination and apparently, to turn the minds of the Celts away from their Druidism, they made the first day of November into a church day called "All Saints' Day." The change, making the night before into a holy eve, was natural and easy. The later custom of playing tricks on Hallowe'en has arisen from the idea that this is witches'



Witches' Eve

night, and that all the strange powers of the air are abroad to work mysteries. But just when or where this idea was born no one seems to know; it is certainly not Christian in its origin.

On the first day of November, the Romans held a festival in honor of Pomona, the goddess of fruits and nuts. She was not a generous goddess, but, the story says, she kept her orchards safely locked. To do this she must have built a high fence which no mortal could scale, and then had stout locks put on every gate. So the Romans, to win her good will and have those gates open now and then, kept a festival in her honor, and as this occurred on November first, the custom has arisen of serving fruits and nuts to our friends on Hallowe'en.

One will understand, from all these stories, that the keeping of Hallowe'en as a holiday is a strange mixture of many old beliefs and customs. It is a sad departure, however, from the solemn religious customs of the Druids to the wild hilarity and rowdiness of the twentieth century. We ought to remember that good fellowship and love for all mankind are, after all, older than superstitions and custom. They are so deeply

implanted in the human heart, that in spite of the encouragement of hate and rancor they will, now and then, bubble to the surface, bringing forth good deeds.

These thoughts should lead to good fellowship and harmless merrymaking on Hallowe'en, thus making it, in truth, as well as in name, a holy eve, for there is nothing holier than kindness and good will to our fellowmen.



GOOD WILL

*A loving mind to all mankind,
To all a true goodwill
Can never fail, though others rail,
Your heart with peace to fill.
No other rule, though learned at school,
Sweet joy can send a-wing,
From youth to age on every page
Write, "Love must true love bring."
If "Self" control your inmost soul,
All clouded lies your way.
No ray of light steals through the night
To bring you "perfect day."*



Those of us who remember November 11, 1918, have every reason to be devoutly thankful. For we then witnessed the most joyful celebration which has ever taken the world by storm. People seemed absolutely "mad with joy," and well they might have been, for on that day was signed the Armistice, which put an end to the most far-reaching and disastrous war which this world has ever known.

We know, of course, that the World War began in August, 1914, and that the United States was drawn into the conflict in April, 1917. This war lasted until November 11, 1918. On this day the world was suddenly electrified by the flashing of this one short sentence through its spaces: "*The war is ended; cease firing.*"

Yet the hilarity and pandemonium that broke forth on that day was not entirely in honor of victory. Nor was it entirely in thanksgiving for peace. It was as much a tribute to the men that had died to make that victory possible, and who had not died in vain. It was in honor of the fact that America had accomplished what it had decided to accomplish, had done what it wished to do.

Hardly had the celebrations in 1918 ended when an agitation began to make Armistice Day a holiday in which to commemorate the unselfish spirit of the men who went to battle and whose work and hardships had made the day of jubilation possible. So naturally enough Armistice Day became a holiday, a day reserved to the memory of those who fought in the World War.

But Armistice Day is more than a festive occasion on which it is proper to celebrate a

victory. It is a time to remember that self-sacrifice is necessary to accomplishment, that achievement is only the result of work and hardship.

It is a time to remember how American men went forth from the comforts of their homes at a personal sacrifice to fight in a cause that was not to their personal gain. It is a time to remember that they fought in the rain and mud and shell-fire in France for an ideal. It is a time to hope that the younger men of America will be equally ready to fight for an ideal as unselfishly if ever there comes the necessity for fighting.

Like the soldiers of the Revolution, the soldiers of the Civil War and the soldiers of the Spanish-American War these men went forth under the banner of idealism to wage a war against what they believed to be wrong. In that cause they distinguished themselves as gloriously as the soldiers of the past. For the battles of Princeton and Saratoga they substituted Chateau Thierry; for the Charge Up San Juan Hill, the campaign in the Argonne Woods.

But Armistice Day is also a good day in which to remember that there is nothing glorious and heroic in war itself, however,

glorious and heroic the men who engage in it may be. It is a good day to remember how horrible war can be and what misery and grief follows in its wake.

Remembering this, it is easy enough to avoid all warfare that is not absolutely essential. Some wars must be, because of aggression and hatred. But a memory of the horror of war will help to keep their number small.

And so it has become a custom in all the Allied Countries at eleven o'clock in the morning on November 11, to face to the East for a moment in reverence to the heroic dead whose self-sacrifice has made this Day of mingled sorrow and rejoicing possible.



"CEASE FIRING"

*Across the earth ran rivers red,
While to and fro black hatred spread,
And ruined hearth stones told the fate
Of loving hearts left desolate.*

*Imagination could not show
Or understand the depths of woe,
Which war spread o'er the harassed earth,
While grief in every heart had birth.*

*Then suddenly on wings of light,
A message round the earth took flight,
"Cease firing, now the war is done."
Sweet Peace at last the day had won.*

*Would that those words more dear than gold
The whole round world might still enfold
And build the brotherhood of man
Forevermore on this great plan,
"Cease firing!"*

*"Cease firing!" yes, forget War's art,
Choose evermore man's nobler part.
Cease firing! throw the guns aside,
Forget War's cruel, baneful pride.*



All holidays, except Christmas, New Year's Day and a few church holidays are the natural outgrowth of historic happenings.

Thanksgiving Day is a blending together of the two elements, historical and religious, and at the same time it is the oldest of the American holidays.

Gratitude for mercies and favors granted is the noblest attribute of the soul. At the same time there is no word in any language more earnestly despised than the short English word, ingrate.

Human beings are often accused of being inherently ungrateful, yet, when we remember that in many ages and in many lands there have been days set apart to be kept as days of thanksgiving and, which have, moreover been faithfully observed, we feel that the accusation is not wholly deserved.

The Hebrews who stand alone in history as the nation worshipping one God only, were undoubtedly the first people to keep a public thanksgiving. This occasion is known in the Bible as the Feast of Tabernacles. Details of this festival are given in Deuteronomy 16, 17 and in Leviticus 23, 34.

The Greeks and Romans celebrated their harvest festivals.

The Thesmophorbes of the ancient Greeks was the feast of Demeter, the goddess of agriculture and of harvest, and was in some respects, much like the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles.

The Romans worshipped the harvest deity under the name of Ceres. She was the mother of Persephone, who was carried away to the lower regions by Pluto and forced to remain there six months of every year, because she had swallowed some of the pulp of six pomegranate seeds. The Romans kept

this festival of Ceres on October 4th and called it Cerelia.

Coming down to more modern times we find England holding a festival called a "Harvest Home." This festival was established by the Saxons in the time of Egbert who began to reign in 827 and who was the good king who first gave to the land the name of England.

Considering the lineage of the Pilgrim Fathers, it is not at all strange that they held a Thanksgiving festival as early as 1621, one year after the landing of the good ship Mayflower.

Their first winter was one of unexpected, and of course, unprepared for hardship. With the dawning of the first spring in the new land they found only fifty-five of their little band of one hundred and two settlers remaining. Every variety of affliction seems to have visited them during that first winter. They had been nearly frozen, had hung on the borders of starvation, were prostrated by illness, to which nearly half of their number succumbed. They had been threatened again and again by ravenous wild beasts and, worse perhaps than all the rest, were threatened by many of the unfriendly Indians.



The First Thanksgiving.

It is doubtless true that the hardy settlers, who were alive in the spring set about the business of planting with no great amount of hope in their hearts. But, as the autumn drew near, their spirits must have gone up with a bound, for they soon discovered that the earth in this new land, was their true friend, for a bounteous harvest was soon awaiting their gathering. Then came the call to a general thanksgiving feast.

There are three notable points which should never be lost sight of in considering this first New England Thanksgiving:

First, that the settlers were called together to give thanks for their great blessings, although it was an acknowledged fact that they had known more trials and hardships than joy.

Secondly, although our Pilgrim ancestors are usually thought of as cross-grained, stern men, yet they were called together to *rejoice*, not to whine and mourn over their trials which could not be helped and for which no one was particularly to blame.

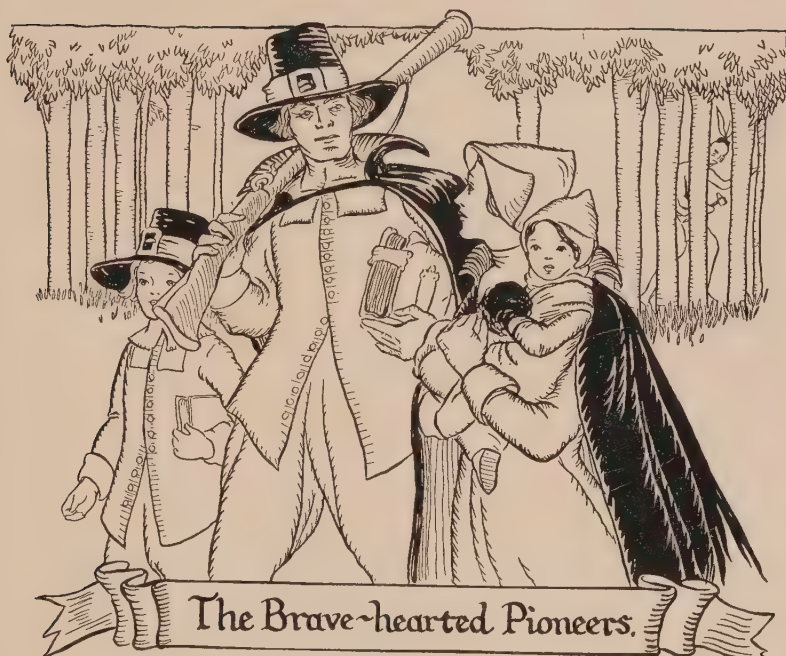
The call was to "rejoice together," which proves that they were filled with the spirit of brotherly love.

The third point is that the feast was to be a democratic one. It was not just for the "Winslows," the "Whites," and others of the favored leaders of the company, but the whole fifty-five were to be entertained in a heart felt, brotherly equality. Even their new-found Indian friends, who could speak but little English, were included in the festivity.

Thus Thanksgiving day remained practically a New England institution, receiving no notice from the people who had settled in the southern part of the country. During the century and more following, when the Revolutionary War held the young colonists in its grip, the people were called upon frequently by the Continental Congress, to hold certain Thanksgiving days for victories obtained, or other blessings received.

At last when the long and tedious war of the Revolution was over and Congress adopted the Constitution of the United States, thus giving the country a status among the nations of the earth, a man named Boudinot moved that the President recommend a day on which to give thanks for the new constitution.

Some of the more practical members of the congress objected to this motion on the



grounds that they had better not be thankful for the Constitution, until they had found out how well it worked. The motion was carried, however, and Washington in a forcible and eloquent address to the American people, proclaimed November 26, 1789, as the first national Thanksgiving Day.

The New England people having already established their Thanksgiving day found it a simple matter to follow its observance, but the Southern people did not take to its estab-

lishment kindly, they looked upon it as a piece of Puritan bigotry.

In 1855, Governor Johns of Virginia wrote to the State Legislature asking that it officially set aside a day for Thanksgiving, and thus give him an opportunity to issue a formal call for its observance.

From that time on thanksgiving days were matters of state selection, regulation and appointment. Some states kept the first Thursday in November, some the second and so on. It was in no sense a national thanksgiving day.

The change was brought about by the cleverness of a woman. During the Civil War Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, of Philadelphia, sent to President Lincoln, without a word of comment, a copy of Washington's Thanksgiving proclamation, issued in 1789. Abraham Lincoln, with his usual astuteness, took the hint and proclaimed a National Thanksgiving Day. It has so remained and now all the states of this wonderful country are giving thanks on the same day. May this custom never be changed.

For Thanksgiving Day is a tribute not only to those brave and daring pioneers whose spirit and courage made possible the

creation of our nation but to the Providence that guided and sheltered them as well. It is a reminder of the fact that we, too, have much to be thankful for. For our freedom, for our comforts, for our luxuries that the sacrifice and devotion of others has made possible we also must be truly thankful.



THE GIVER OF ALL

*From Thee, O God, whence gifts descend,
Today our hearts in praises bend
For common and uncommon gifts,
The sunshine which through shadow sifts,
The air encompassing around,
The ever-yielding, fruitful ground;*

*The blue of sky, the green of trees,
The cooling, whispering summer breeze,
The gift of birds who wing and sing,
The gift of thoughts which pleasure bring,
The gift of water's healing power,
The gift of fruits and fragrant flower.*

*For homes where happy hearts may rest,
For parents, children, love confessed,
For mercies crowding every day,
And dotting all our busy way;
For all Thy gifts we bless Thy name,
And still Thy sure protection claim.*

*We give to Thee our service small
Who giveth all, who giveth all.
In lowly adoration now,
Lo, at Thy feet we humbly bow.
Forgotten nevermore can be
The love and worship due to Thee.*



If one is looking for thrilling, and at the same time, true stories, he need search no further than in the accounts of the early settlement of this great country, now known as the United States of America.

In every part of the territory, and in connection with the name of every bold adventurer, from Christopher Columbus down to Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Captain John Smith, one encounters the same stories. Perils, hunger, deprivations in every form, disease, maraudings, murder, outrages of all

sorts, and even death itself, given in long array, form the stories of those early days.

Yet over all the heart rending histories, there shines like a golden sunlight tales of brave hearts, indomitable perseverance and undaunted courage, exhibited by our forefathers.

No matter from what country they came, from little Holland, from freedom-loving England, from glorious Spain, from war-impooverished France the stories are ever the same, a determination to overcome all obstacles and obtain a footing in the wonderful new world.

Since all this is bitterly true, it is quite fitting that we should keep Forefather's Day, and briefly consider the brave deeds in some parts of our own great country.

The earliest settlement, as almost everyone knows, was made at Hispaniola by Columbus, under the flag of Spain in the Island now called Hayti, one of the West Indies.

After Columbus came the Cabots in 1497-8, Ponce de Leon in 1512, and Verrazano in 1523. The Cabots were sent by the English, Ponce de Leon by Spain and Verrazano by France.

The same finale fits in telling the story of all these adventurers discouragement and defeat.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, came twice to the southern part of the country in 1578 and again in 1583, but succeeding no better than others, lost his life in a storm as he was returning to England.

In 1584 Sir Walter Raleigh, he of the indomitable spirit, under a patent from Elizabeth sent out two ships commanded by Amidas and Barlow, to find a place in the southern part of the new world for a permanent settlement.

They explored the coast of Kent, which is now North Carolina, and returned home with so brave an account of the new country that Raleigh named it Virginia, in honor of the Virgin Queen. In the September of 1585 he sent out a colony which settled at Roanoke. But it was starved out in less than a year.

Still Raleigh had hopes, and throwing out more good money he, in 1587, sent out another colony under White. This colony was more unfortunate than its predecessors, for it entirely disappeared. When White return-

ed to the same spot three years later, no trace of the colony could be found.

Sir Walter Raleigh himself was at no time a member of these expeditions. He gave his money and his plans, but never his personal attendance. This is important to remember. He never visited the new world, except in the northern part of South America, many years after his unsuccessful attempts at the colonization of Virginia.

In 1602, one Gosnola, of whom by the way, nothing further is known, with twenty colonists went to the coast of Massachusetts. They wintered upon a near-by island, but in the spring all returned to England.

However, the thirst for new world colonization was by no means appeased, even in the face of all these difficulties and disappointments.

In 1606 two new companies for colonization in the new world were formed in London. To these companies James I. then reigning, gave charters granting to them the whole continent, from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth parallel of latitude.

To the Plymouth Company he gave the northern section, while the London Company was to have the southern half. It was also

stipulated that the new colonies must be, at least, one hundred miles apart.

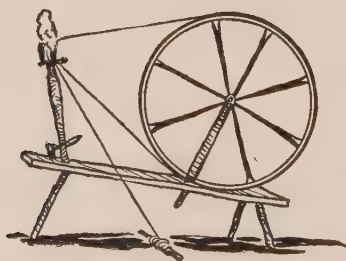
The Plymouth Company attempted settlements in 1606-7-8, all of which were unsuccessful. The London Company on May 13, 1607 settled at a spot which they called Jamestown, Virginia. The company consisted of one hundred men, most of whom were mere adventurers. They came to the new world in a fleet of three vessels commanded by Christopher Newport. They met, however, the usual amount of hardships, in spite of the more genial climate, and we are told that they were many times on the point of sailing away in despair to the home land. The indefatigable exertions and the indomitable spirit of Captain John Smith kept them together, however, and after a time they became a prosperous and firmly established colony.

It is a strange commentary upon human nature that as soon as prosperity shines over a person, or a community, evil in a greater, or lesser degree, steals in. There was no exception here to this general rule, for in 1619, a Dutch vessel came to the prosperous settlement of Virginia with a cargo of African Negroes, who were sold to the English settlers,

and then was planted slavery, that greatest curse of the American continent.

In 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers settled in Massachusetts, and in the face of enormous difficulties, which they were able to overcome because of their determination to worship God in their own way, they succeeded in establishing a permanent colony.

The colonists here referred to may be ranked as our Forefathers. Those who came after were able to establish permanent settlements because of the pioneers who had proved that colonization in the new world was not only possible, but profitable.



HONOR TO WHOM DUE

*Oh, land so fair, Oh land so free,
From every clime men came to thee.
They fled away from carking care
And sought thy restful, balmy air.*

*A strange new land, wild tales were told
Of riches great, of gems and gold.
All cold indeed that throbbing heart
Which did not seek thy better part.*

*To reach a land all new and strange
Where men in freedom sweet might range
How could there be a greater lure
Than here a foothold to secure?*

*And thus to thee they early came,
Upon thy soil a home to claim.
Shall we not honor them the more
Who early sought thy distant shore?*

*To all of these, a noble race,
Who first adventured, we give place,
We bow to them most gratefully
For this their land, so proud, so free.*

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

*The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;*

*And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.*

*Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;*

*Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the dessert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.*

*Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthem of the free!*

The ocean-eagle soared

*From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home!*

There were men with hoary hair

*Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?*

There was woman's fearless eye,

*Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.*

What sought they thus afar?

*Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!*

Aye, call it holy ground,

*The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they
found—
Freedom to worship God!*

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.



Gradually this day has become the great day of the earth. In fact, it is the only holiday which is kept the whole world round. Even to the land of the lotus and the palm the missionaries have carried the cross, and because it is a day given over to loving kindness and all the better emotions of the human heart, it has taken its place as the great world holiday. Even the people who have soured against the whole human race, the poor pitiful Scrooges of humanity cannot set

their hearts against the joyful feeling so wide spread, and cannot help joining with Tiny Tim in saying heartily, "God bless us every one."

It is now pretty generally known that December 25th is not the really true birthday of Christ; in fact Nature most loudly protests against that date, because on December 25th the land of Palestine is in the height of its rainy season. Consequently neither the shepherds nor their flocks could have been in the fields to receive the happy tidings from the celestial chorus:

"Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a saviour which is Christ the Lord."

About the time of Christ's departure from the earth, it was the honored custom for the survivors of a friend to celebrate the date of his death instead of his birth, and this, we are told by some writers, was the custom for several centuries, in connection with the greatest nativity.

It is, however, of little moment to the devout and earnest Christian to know the exact date of Christ's birth. Any day set apart to

be kept sacred to his memory is quite sufficient, no matter at what time of year it may chance to fall.

In the fifth century the church fathers in formal convocation fixed the date for the celebration of Christ's nativity as December 25th, and this date has been accepted by the entire world.

It is supposed by writers who have studied the matter thoroughly that December 25th was selected in order that Christ's birthday might take the place of the Saturnalia and other heathen festivities occurring about this time of year.

Chrysostom refers to this date as one "imported from the west." This might have referred to Rome, where we know that Paul, apostle to the Gentiles carried the Gospel story.

The superstitions about Christmas are many. One of the most beautiful Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Marcellus in Hamlet. It is one which has never been excelled, and which must be loved by all who hear it.

*"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,*



*And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad.
The nights are wholesome, then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."*

The following are some of the more familiar Christmas superstitions. At this holy time, the bees are heard singing, the cattle kneel in honor of the Magi, the sheep go in procession in commemoration of the visit of the angels to the shepherds. An Indian superstition is that on Christmas Eve, all the deer kneel and look up to the great Spirit. In the German Alps the people believe that the cattle possess the gift of speech on Christmas Eve, but it is an unforgivable sin for a human being to listen to their talk. The story is told of a servant who hid in a barn and listened to their speech. He was buried within a week.

Another belief closely adhered to in some parts of the world, is that on Christmas Eve, the Christ Child wanders over the world. Those who love him and long for his coming set a light in the window to guide him to their homes.

Another beautiful story is that a flower falls from Heaven on Christmas Eve, which

is known as the "blue flower." This flower will cure every kind of sickness known to humanity. Therefore it is truly worth a long and patient search, but alas! unfortunately, it can be found only by the truly pure in heart. To how many therefore, must the search be all in vain.

Another superstition which we would all do well to remember is, that, if we quarrel with any one on Christmas day, things will go wrong with us the whole year around. If we are cross on Christmas day, we will be cross the whole year through. What an affliction, not only to ourselves but to our friends!

Here is a pretty little superstition which is pleasant to remember. If a cricket sings in your house on Christmas day, that will bring you great, good luck. Well, we know it will mean good luck to the cricket if we let him sing, and bad luck if we don't. Therefore, if we fear that he will eat something he should not, put him out doors, but don't kill him.

We are told the reason that the holly and the fir-tree are green at Christmas time, while other trees are brown and lifeless, is because when Judas went searching through the woods to find the dear Lord Jesus, the holly and the fir-tree stood silent as statues and

would not give Judas the least hint as to where the master had gone. The other trees, however, less loyal to their Creator, whispered to Judas which way to go to find the one for whom he was seeking. So all the disloyal trees are punished by spending half of the year in an apparently lifeless condition.

A delightful old story is told of the creation of that beautiful flower, the chrysanthemum. A workman coming home on Christmas Eve, from his daily toil, met upon the snowy way a little child gone astray. He was cold and wet and was crying in his misery. The man was poor, but he was willing to share his small store with the homeless wanderer. So, although his body was weak and tired, he picked up the child and carried him to his humble home. The wife met them at the door and, although the meal which she had prepared was scanty even for her own flock, she welcomed the little stranger with a loving smile. The children too gladly shared with him their few trifling Christmas gifts. Then, when all were ready for bed, and good nights were said, the stranger grew suddenly tall and a halo was seen shining about his head.

“Why,” exclaimed the mother happily, “it is the Lord himself!” Then the stranger vanished.

On Christmas morning they went out to find, if possible, some traces of their visitor. When they came to the spot where the child was first seen, how great was their surprise to find the ground covered with a profuse and thrifty growth of white chrysanthemums, and from that hour this plant has been called the “Christmas flower.”

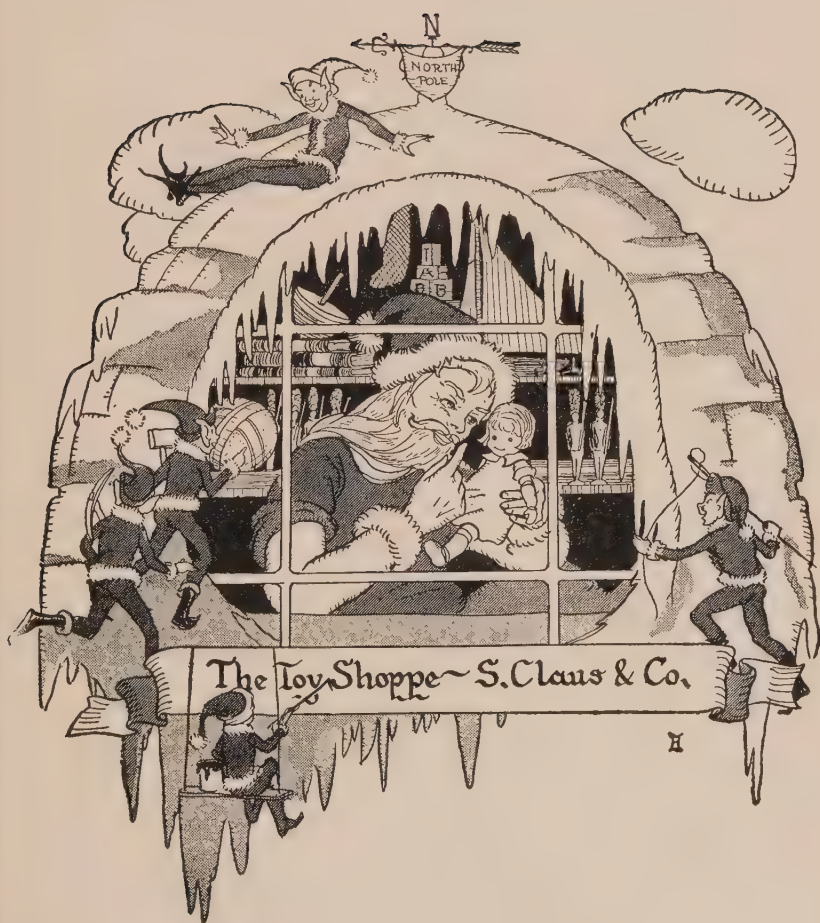
The origin of the Christmas tree, like many other popular customs, is covered with conflicting statements. We are told, by some writers, that the fir-tree was adopted by the ancient Teutons as a favorite symbol. This is the connection, from the shortest day, December twenty-first, the sun rises higher and higher in the heavens, just as the great fir-tree spreads and grows. When the Christmas Day was substituted for the heathen festival it was only natural to pass the fir-tree on to Christmas. According to Professor Schwartz the lights on the tree represent the flashes of lightning over head. The golden apples, nuts and balls symbolize the sun, the moon and the stars. Other writers assure us that it was Martin Luther who first used the evergreen

tree at Christmas time, setting one up and decorating it in his own home for his own children.

It was in merrie old England, however, that the Christmas observances took their deepest root. It was therefore, not strange that the puritans in escaping from English rule threw out of their lives all things pertaining to churchly dominance, and branded Christmas merry-making along with the keeping of all other festival days, as "Popish," than which there could have been no greater stigma.

The same feeling culminated in England in 1643 when the "Roundhead Parliament" abolished the observance of all saints' days and the three grand festivals of the church year, Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. The king, Charles I, protested against this ruling. Nevertheless he was powerless in this, as in many other things with the "Round Head Parliament."

At first there was some open revolt; a mob attacked the stores which kept open on Christmas Day. However, the Parliament used strong measures, and during the twelve years in which this spirit ruled there was no further observance of Christmas. In the new



world, the court of Massachusetts also passed stringent laws punishing anyone who remotely sanctioned Christmas by abstaining from work on this day.

When English royalty returned to power, Christmas Day was restored to its high position, and by the eloquent aid of Charles Dickens it was raised to a height never before attained and which it has never lost. On the contrary its pre-eminence seems to increase with every recurring festival.

Dickens has taught us this one great truth if we give to others out of our narrow means on Christmas Day, or out of our abundance, if we have plenty of this world's goods, we will surely be blessed during the coming year. This, however, is only another way of repeating Christ's words:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."



LET'S PRETEND

*If every day were Christmas Day,
How gaily life would dance away.
On Christmas Day we try to be
From "envy, hatred, malice free,"
So "let's pretend," as children do,
That Christmas comes each day anew.*

*Yes, let us try, just you and I,
As all the year goes flitting by,
To make each day, for you and me,
From selfishness all pure and free.
If all around should imitate
These ways, Oh, wouldn't that be great?*

*If every one of us would say,
"I'll keep each day like Christmas Day,"
How changed would be this thing called life,
All free from selfishness and strife,
So let's pretend, again I say,
That every day is Christmas Day.*

As the voice of the last holiday of the year, the beloved Christmas Day, died away, Old Father Time raised the megaphone to his lips and exclaimed through it in his best platform tones:

"I am truly proud of you, my children. I am very sure that there is no nation under the sun who can show a finer collection of holidays than those who have here passed in long review. And now I say, long live the American holidays. May they never change and may they always be kept merrily and heartily."

Then old Father Time came down from the platform, his megaphone hanging idly from his side, and silence reigned in the land. A silence which could not be broken until the beginning again of the round of holidays.





CALENDAR OF HOLIDAYS GENERALLY OR LOCALLY OBSERVED

Including a few popular Holidays that are not legal but whose spirit is generally observed.

APRIL FOOLS' DAY—April 1 (strictly popular)

ARBOR DAY—Usually fixed by governor

ARMISTICE DAY—November 11

BENNINGTON BATTLE DAY — August
16

BIRD DAY—May

CHILD LABOR DAY — Last Sunday in
January

CHRISTMAS DAY—December 25

COLUMBUS DAY—October 12

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY —
(See Memorial Day)

DAVIS — (Birthday of Jefferson Davis)
June 3

DECORATION DAY — (See Memorial Day)

DEFENSE DAY—September 12

EASTER SUNDAY—April

ELECTION DAYS—(See list of holidays by States)

FATHER'S DAY—Third Sunday in June

FIRE PREVENTION DAY—October 9

FLAG DAY—June 14

FLOWER DAY—May

FOREFATHER'S DAY—December 22

GEORGIA DAY—February 12

HALLOWE'EN—(All Souls Eve) October 31 (strictly popular)

INDEPENDENCE DAY—July 4

INDIAN DAY—Fourth Friday in September

JEFFERSON'S BIRTHDAY—April 13

LABOR DAY—First Monday in September

LANDING DAY—July 25 (Porto Rico)

LEE'S BIRTHDAY—January 19

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY—February 12

MAINE (Battleship) DAY—February 15

MARDI GRAS—February (New Orleans)

MAY DAY—May 1 (strictly popular)

McKINLEY DAY—January 29

MECKLENBURG INDEPENDENCE
DECLARATION—May 20

MEMORIAL DAY—FEDERAL — May 30
— CONFEDERATE — April 26 (Ala-
bama, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi) and
May 10 (North and South Carolina)

MOTHER'S DAY—Second Sunday in May

NEW ORLEANS BATTLE DAY—Janu-
ary 8

NEW YEAR'S DAY—January 1

PATRIOT'S DAY — April 19 (Maine,
Massachusetts)

PIONEERS' DAY—July 15 (Idaho). July
24 (Utah)

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—March 17 (strictly
popular)

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY—February 14
(strictly popular)

TEXAS INDEPENDENCE DAY — March
second

THANKSGIVING DAY—Last Thursday
in November

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY—February
twenty-second



HOLIDAYS IN THE VARIOUS STATES

ALABAMA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Lee's Birthday (January 19)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Mardi Gras (the day before Ash Wednesday,
the first day of Lent)

Good Friday (the Friday before Easter)

Confederate Memorial Day (April 26)

Jefferson Davis' Birthday (June 3)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in No-
vember)

Christmas Day (December 25)

ALASKA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

ARIZONA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Arbor Day (first Monday in February)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

General Election Day

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

ARKANSAS

New Year's Day (January 1)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Independence Day (July 4)

Columbus Day (October 12)

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

CALIFORNIA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Admission Day (September 9)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

COLORADO

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Arbor and School Day (third Friday in April)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
General Election Day
Columbus Day (October 12)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

CONNECTICUT

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Good Friday (the Friday before Easter)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

DELAWARE

New Year's Day (January 1)

Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Columbus Day (October 12)

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Inauguration Day (March 4)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

FLORIDA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Lee's Birthday (January 19)

Arbor Day (first Friday in February)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Confederate Memorial Day (April 26)
Jefferson Davis' Birthday (June 3)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

GEORGIA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lee's Birthday (January 19)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Confederate Memorial Day (April 26)
Jefferson Davis' Birthday (June 3)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Arbor Day (first Friday in December)
Christmas Day (December 25)

IDAHO

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Arbor Day (first Friday in May)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

ILLINOIS

New Year's Day (January 1)

Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Indian Day (fourth Friday in September)

Columbus Day (October 12)

Armistice Day (November 11)

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

INDIANA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Columbus Day (October 12)

General Election Day

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

IOWA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

General Election Day

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

KANSAS

Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Columbus Day (October 12)

These are the only holidays by statute in Kansas but the days commonly observed in other states are holidays by general consent.

KENTUCKY

New Year's Day (January 1)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Columbus Day (October 12)

General Election Day

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

LOUISIANA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans
(January 8)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Mardi Gras (the day before Ash Wednesday)

Good Friday (the Friday before Easter)

Confederate Memorial Day (April 26)

Independence Day (July 4)

All Saints' Day (November 1)

General Election Day

Labor Day (fourth Saturday in November) in
the parish of New Orleans only

Christmas Day (December 25)

MAINE

New Year's Day (January 1)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Good Friday (the Friday before Easter)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

MARYLAND

New Year's Day (January 1)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Defenders' Day (September 12)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day
Christmas Day (December 25)

MASSACHUSETTS

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Patriots' Day (April 19)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

MICHIGAN

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)

General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

MINNESOTA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Good Friday (the Friday before Easter)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)
Arbor Day (as appointed by the Governor)

MISSISSIPPI

Labor Day (first Monday in September)
And by common consent
Independence Day (July 4)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

MISSOURI

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

MONTANA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Arbor Day (third Tuesday in April)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

NEBRASKA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Arbor Day (April 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

NEVADA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Independence Day (July 4)

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Fast Day (appointed by the Governor)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

General Election Day

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

NEW JERSEY

New Year's Day (January 1)

Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Columbus Day (October 12)

General Election Day

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

NEW MEXICO

New Year's Day (January 1)

Independence Day (July 4)

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

Memorial Day, Labor Day and Arbor Day are appointed by the Governor

NEW YORK

New Year's Day (January 1)

Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)

Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Columbus Day (October 12)

General Election Day

Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)

Christmas Day (December 25)

NORTH CAROLINA

New Year's Day (January 1)

Lee's Birthday (January 19)

Confederate Memorial Day (May 10)

Anniversary of the Signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence (May 20)

Independence Day (July 4)
State Election Day (in August)
Labor Day (first Thursday in September)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

NORTH DAKOTA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Arbor Day (appointed by the Governor)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

OHIO

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

OKLAHOMA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

OREGON

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
First Saturday in June
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Public Fast Days
Christmas Day (December 25)

PENNSYLVANIA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Good Friday (the Friday before Easter)

Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

PHILIPPINES

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Thursday and Friday of Holy Week
Independence Day (July 4)
August 13
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)
December 30

PORTO RICO

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Good Friday (the Friday before Easter)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Landing Day (July 25)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

RHODE ISLAND

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Arbor Day (second Friday in May)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

SOUTH CAROLINA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lee's Birthday (January 19)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Confederate Memorial Day (May 10)
Jefferson Davis' Birthday (June 3)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25 and December 26 and 27)

SOUTH DAKOTA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)

Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Arbor Day (appointed by the Governor)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

TENNESSEE

New Year's Day (January 1)
Good Friday (the Friday before Easter)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

TEXAS

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Texas Independence Day (March 2)
Anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto
(April 21)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day

Fast Days (appointed by the Governor)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

UTAH

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Arbor Day (April 15)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Pioneer Day (July 24)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Fast Days (appointed by the Governor)
Christmas Day (December 25)

VERMONT

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Bennington Battle Day (August 16)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

VIRGINIA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lee's Birthday (January 19)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Fast Days (appointed by the Governor)
Christmas Day (December 25)

WASHINGTON

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
Columbus Day (October 12)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

WEST VIRGINIA

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)

Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

WISCONSIN

New Year's Day (January 1)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
General Election Day
Thanksgiving Day (last Thursday in November)
Christmas Day (December 25)

WYOMING

New Year's Day (January 1)
Lincoln's Birthday (February 12)
Washington's Birthday (February 22)
Memorial Day (May 30)
Independence Day (July 4)
Labor Day (first Monday in September)
General Election Day
Christmas Day (December 25)

There is no national holiday, not even the fourth of July. Congress has at times appointed special holidays, but it has passed no laws establishing holidays for the whole country. It has made Labor Day a public holiday in the District of Columbia, but the law has no effect elsewhere. The proclamation of the President designating a day of Thanksgiving only makes it a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and the Territories. Each State must pass the laws creating its own holidays.

HOLIDAYS IN CANADA

The following holidays are generally observed in the Dominion of Canada

New Year's Day (January 1)

Ash Wednesday

Good Friday

Easter Monday

Whit Monday

Empire Day (May 24)

King's Birthday (June 3)

Dominion Day (July 1)

Labor Day (first Monday in September)

Christmas Day (December 25)

The last Monday in October is usually proclaimed as Thanksgiving Day.

